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JANUARY 28, 1974

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Charles M. Russell original drawings and famous b

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The eight Russell works you see here are made available for public bidding by Marlboro in cooperation with the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. These works of art will be available for examination at the New York Galleries of Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc. from February 19, 1974, through March 2, 1974.

A second exhibit will be held at their Los Angeles Galleries from March 18, 1974, through March 30, 1974.

The National Cowboy Hall of Fame has established a minimum appraised price for each work. Your bid must exceed this price and, of course, each piece goes to the highest bidder.

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Charles M. Russell (1864-1926)

Charles Russell lived and loved the life of a cowboy.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, Russell headed west to Montana Territory in 1879 when he was fifteen. There, while working as a cowboy and nightherder, the self-taught, rough-hewn artist sketched

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BRONC BUSTER

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sculptured plaque. D
casting mounted on han
walnut. Inspired by details of
sculpture and created espe
Marlboro by sculptor Rich Mu
National Cowboy Hall of Fam

WHEN MULES WEAR DIAMONDS

15½ x 16½ inches. The title refers to the diamond hitch, a particular way of lashing on the load that results in the figure of a diamond on top of the pack. A bell mare leads a string of sure-footed mules, also called Rocky Mountain Canaries. As Russell put it: "It is the hoof of the lady boss that leads her long eared lovers to camp." \$1.00



CINCH RING

13 x 19½ inches. The original of this action-packed work was made by Russell when he was painting for his most critical audience—his cowboy friends. The rustlers have been interrupted in the act of changing the calf's brand. A cinch ring heated in a fire made with range fuel and held between sticks is used for a makeshift branding iron. \$1.00



WORKED OVER
12½ x 19 inches. The original was a favorite of Mrs. Russell and hung over the fireplace in the Russell home. A ranch owner and his foreman are checking an altered, or "worked over," brand on the calf. \$1.00



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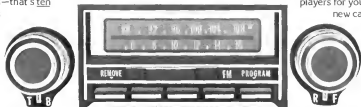
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**Colgate
with MFP...the
breath-freshening
cavity fighter.**

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Next week

CAN MUHAMMAD? Will Joe? A rip-off or a rip-up? Has time told? If so, what? Ali and Frazier will do the fighting, and Mark Kram will recount the answers at the grudge rematch.

FRESH, AND MEN, too, courtside of first-term basketball players make their college teams big winners. Reporting this major trend, Curry Kirkpatrick assesses the freshest.

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It is two million years ago. On an African savanna, a strange creature browses for food. He looks something like an ape and also like a man. He walks on two legs—yet his forehead is low and sloping, his jaw thrusts forward. He doesn't know it—but he represents a giant step forward in evolution. For he is the "missing link" between ape and man . . .



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- why men can speak and apes can't?
- what dinosaurs were really like and what enabled them to rule the earth for 155 million years?
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- in what way Neanderthal Man was "religious"?
- if any creatures except man use tools?
- whether or not there are still Neanderthals among us?
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SPORTS EQUITY

Reports from Washington say that a complicated new education bill includes a section that for better or worse—could emasculate college sport. The bill is said to require equity between men's and women's activities. If the men's basketball coach is paid \$23,000, then the coach of women's basketball must be paid \$23,000. If the football team has nine coaches, then the same number of coaches must be provided in women's sports. Most significantly, half of all athletic scholarships must go to women, if a school has 150 athletic scholarships to disburse, 75 of them go to women.

The colleges would have five years to comply with the new regulations but must show signs of progress in that direction before the five years are up. If they do not, sanctions would be invoked. Federal funds for the school—for buildings, special projects, ROTC and the like—would be cut off.

The proposal seems extreme, considering the prominence that men's sports have in intercollegiate competition, but the other extreme is what prompts such legislation. For example, at the University of Oklahoma, currently on probation because of football recruiting violations, a women's group asked the athletic department for a financial report. The athletics business manager said that long-range obligations for capital improvements came to \$4,277,475 and that current obligations for the football field, the track and a combination dormitory and golf facility totaled \$611,417. Even so, he said, and despite losses over a three-year period of \$62,000, \$97,000 and \$22,000, he would be able to make budget adjustments that could provide \$1,500 for women's athletics during the second semester.

AND INEQUITY

Women's place in sport may be gaining wider and wider recognition, but not in the dog-show world, even though the ma-

jority of people who show dogs are women. At a recent meeting the 90-year-old American Kennel Club cautiously rejected an amendment to its constitution that would have allowed women to be AKC delegates. The greater part of the 202 delegates present (itself a record attendance) voted in favor of deleting the word "male" from the rule that reads, "The voting power of each member club or association can and shall be exercised only by a male delegate," but the 127-74 vote (there was one illegal ballot) was 25 votes short of the three-fourths required to pass.

Not that the AKC is a stodgy, stick-in-the-mud organization. The question of women's rights has come up before—21 years ago, to be specific—and was much more soundly defeated. Next time maybe women will break through. And perhaps next time will be sometime this year rather than, say, 1995, another 21 years in the future.

ST. LOUIS OF ST. LOUIS

Unlike pro football's annual draft of college players, major league baseball's draft of free agents excites relatively little interest. A shame, too, for this year's produced three name ballplayers. The California Angels came up with Daniel Boone, a sharpshooting left-hander, while the Cleveland Indians picked a genuine bonus baby in James Baby. The Cardinals could have had the best of all, but missed the boat. They let the Montreal Expos grab Pitcher Michael St. Louis.

UP HERE IN THE BOOTH

The biggest football news of the 1974 season was made last week when ABC-TV announced that Don Gifford or Frank Meredith, one of those fellows, will be back on the Monday evening talkathon again next year. The other chap will be there, too, the one who sells the underwear. Roone Arledge, the ABC-TV sports chief, also admitted what everybody had already noticed: the penial

Duffy Daugherty, master of the post-game quip when he was coaching Michigan State, was "disappointing" as a color commentator on college football games. Arledge said, "Duffy's greatest contribution was to make Bud Wilkinson look better. Duffy is great at dinners and banquets, but he hasn't yet mastered the art of getting on and off the mike during a game broadcast. He'll be back next year in some capacity, but we'll have to see where."

GLE, BYU

For some time now the Bonneville International Corporation, a Utah company, has been sending 16-mm. prints of Brigham Young University's basketball games to TV stations in Central and South America. The films, which have commentary in Spanish, Portuguese and English, are shown on more than 150 stations in a dozen countries. The reaction has been astonishing. More than 700 let-



ters from Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking fans have come to BYU during recent weeks, one saying, "If Brigham Young ever visits Peru, it will be considered the home team. The Cougar games are the No. 1 sports program on television in this country." A Cougar Club has been formed in Guatemala City. Another fan group calls itself the "Brigharryoungs," pronounced *brayeganians*.

Walter Canals, who announces the games in Spanish and directs their marketing in Spanish-speaking areas, says,

continued

"They consider American basketball the best in the world, and they're anxious to study our techniques. Community and school teams ask for the films after the TV stations are finished with them."

FOR ST. PETE'S SAKE

You all know St. Petersburg, Fla., the staid city of the South? The place that's filled with emporiums advertising blood-pressure readings and high colonies, where the liveliest activity for resident oldsters, according to the cruel quipsters of the night-club circuit, is to sit around and listen to their arteries harden?

Don't believe it. What St. Petersburg is filled with is daredevils. What other city has produced a rocket-powered go-kart capable of faster-than-dragster speeds, a motocyclist (not Evel Knievel) who has jumped a canyon, and a human kite who flies over and under bridges?

Details: Jack McClure of St. Pete has reached 221.21 mph in a quarter-mile run in his rocket go-kart. (Will your kids be

the first on their block to do 200 mph in their karts?) Bob Gill of St. Pete successfully jumped his motorcycle 152 feet across Cajun Canyon in Louisiana last year before thousands of spectators. And a couple of weeks ago Hal Elgin, a St. Petersburg fireman, cut loose his tow rope at an altitude of 1,200 feet and flew his delta-wing kite over the Sunshine Skyway bridge not just once but twice, and then zipped under it, between the bottom of the roadbed and the swirling waters of Tampa Bay 150 feet below.

Maybe Ponce de León was looking for his fountain on the wrong side of the peninsula.

PEACE ON ICE

The big treaty between the National Hockey League and the World Hockey Association is a monument to practicality. The NHL agreed to recognize the new league, pay it \$1,750,000 to cover legal fees the WHA amassed in court battles and play a series of preseason inter-

league exhibitions next fall. All it gets in return is an agreement by the WHA to respect the NHL's one-year option clause in the players' contracts. Still, this means that after Aug. 1, 1974, there will be no more raiding of NHL rosters. There are some other clauses, but it all boils down to one word: peace.

There was some objection in the NHL to the settlement, "principally at the lower levels," according to League President Clarence Campbell, but it was not strong. Why did the older, richer league give in? As one NHL man explained: "It's simple. We're still doing all right on the ice, but we haven't been scoring much lately in the courts."

NO WINS, NO LOSSES

The peace movement invaded another arena of hockey. The Canada Council, which encourages the arts, social sciences, literature and the like, has made funds available for an unusual hockey project in Windsor, Ontario, across the river

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20 mg. "tar" 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. 73

from Detroit. The hockey is a no-win game. According to Dr. James Duthie of the University of Windsor Sports Institute for Research, "The sport is being returned to the children" by taking the competitive aspect out of it. No points are awarded for won or lost, no goals are counted and there are no records of leading scorers. There are 28 teams in the noncompetitive league, and observers say the kids seem to have a lot of fun. Dr. Duthie claims their faces show "less frustration, anxiety and aggression."

ALI AND JOE AT HOME

When the first Ali-Frazier fight took place three years ago the promoter, Jerry Perenchio, said in publicity for the closed-circuit theater TV of the fight, "I have made a firm commitment to the closed-circuit exhibitors and customers that there will be NO home television—live or delayed. That commitment will be kept. There will be no home television—live or delayed." However, the clear-

speaking Perenchio never spelled out just how long "delayed" meant. This Saturday the first fight will be on home television—over ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. Late, but not never.

END GAME

The Daytona International Speedway's announcement that it was complying with the Federal Energy Office's request for a reduction in the use of fuels brought a prompt, if confused, reaction from NASCAR fans. When it was announced that 50 miles would be lopped off the Feb. 17 Daytona 500, telephone calls inundated NASCAR headquarters in Daytona Beach. One ticket holder said he heard that the first 50 miles of the race had been eliminated, and he was furious. "It's the first 50 miles that are the best," he said. "because of all the jamming in traffic." Another caller (this all comes from track publicity and therefore is certainly true) congratulated management on chopping off the first 50 miles instead of the last

50. "If you chopped off the last 50," he said, "we'd never know for sure who won."

THEY SAID IT

- Don Shula, Miami Dolphin coach, after his team's second successive Super Bowl victory, when asked who had written the words "Best Ever" on a blackboard in the Dolphins' dressing room: "I think about 40 people."
- Ed Marinaro, Minnesota Viking running back: "I was a couple of years ahead of my time. The world wasn't ready for an Italian Heisman Trophy winner. I just blazed a trail for John Cappelletti."
- Fran Tarkenton, Viking quarterback, after donating his \$7,500 laser's share of the Super Bowl purse to charity: "I only wish it could have been \$15,000."
- Tad Potter, majority stockholder of the NHL's lowly Pittsburgh Penguins: "I got the feeling that the players think the on-ice crisis means them, so they're only giving 85%."

END



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AFTER 88 COMES ZERO

That is basketball's arithmetic as UCLA's winning streak is snapped in three tumultuous minutes that woke up the echoes of Notre Dame
by BARRY McDERMOTT

It ended the way Hollywood would have written it, drama and symbolism holding hands with ghostly legend at Notre Dame, the denouement arriving on an arching shot from the corner. It was an attempt born of chance and cloaked in destiny, and the UCLA miracle ceased. The winning streak was over.

In the shadow of The Stadium and The Gipper and The Golden Dome, on a leaden Saturday in South Bend, Dwight Clay stared opportunity in the face and never shivered. His jump shot with 29 seconds remaining wiped clean UCLA's 88-game winning streak and once again cast Notre Dame as the had seed in the Bruins' victory garden.

Clay was not out of costume in the 71-70 victory. Although he has the poorest shooting percentage among the Notre Dame regulars, it was the fourth time that the junior guard has helped win games with blithe final-second shots, and the second time that he has broken a streak. He fired in a basket against Marquette last year that ended the Warriors' home-floor successes at 81 straight and earned him a nickname: "Ice-man."

In those frantic closing seconds against UCLA, Clay did not figure in the Irish plan. Notre Dame had scheduled a play designed to get the ball to John Shumate, its extraordinary center who had been hattering away inside against the Bruins' weary Bill Walton throughout the second half. It was Walton's first game since suffering a back injury 12 days earlier and his teammates were more than ready to give him some help. They surrounded Shumate, and Gary Brokaw spotted Clay in the corner. A few seconds later, the Ice-man came. "He's the best clutch shooter in the country," yelled Brokaw over the victory din in the Irish locker room. "The man has proved it. When he has to do it, he does it."

"I wanted the ball," said Clay. "I was open and I was waiting."

That summed up the mood of the Irish. They were ready and waiting for UCLA.

This time they did not get 46 points from Austin Carr, as they had on Jan. 23, 1971, the last occasion anyone had beaten UCLA, but the tableau unfolded with just as much incongruity. Except for four very early ties, UCLA had led the entire game, adopting for the most part the posture of a man playing with a toy. But then the unpredictable currents of emotion switched and the Bruins were swept away on a tide of panic as their elegant play turned crude.

During the last three minutes they were outscored 12-0, sabotaged by four puerile turnovers and, while the Irish were sinking six straight shots, they were fluffing six in a row. In the final moments their frantic attempts approached burlesque as they stuttered over a series of open shots. "They threw the ball away, they ran into their own men. I guess the crowd shook them up," said ND's freshman starter, Adrian Dantley.

UCLA's John Wooden, once a high school coach in South Bend, offered no excuses, claimed indifference to the expiration of the win streak and cited this Saturday's rematch in Los Angeles as a better barometer of strengths. Notre Dame is No. 1, Wooden seemed to be saying, for right now.

"You don't mind if we don't show up next week, do you, John?" Irish Coach Digger Phelps said to Wooden.

"You better," Wooden answered with a smile.

The Bruin players mirrored their coach's proud demeanor in defeat. He told them: "Winners do the talking. Losers keep quiet." Following his advice, they accepted the loss calmly, without rancor, unsalted by tears. "They played a good game, they won, that's all we can say," whispered Keith Wilkes.

But for Notre Dame the flush of vic-

tory was exhilarating. There is little harmony between the two teams. Both are vain, and defeat does not dwell comfortably. During Phelps' first season at Notre Dame, UCLA beat the Irish by 58 points. Last year Wooden admonished Shumate for jostling with Walton and implied reprisal. Later Wooden sent a letter of apology. During Saturday's game there were frequent little incidents that could have flared into serious trouble.

"If I had Tommy Curtis here I'd stuff him in that locker," Clay snorted afterward, peeved at the UCLA guard for mocking him during much of the game. "He was talking that street talk. I told him to shut up or I'd punch him in the mouth. All that had-mouthin', that's for the playgrounds. It's worked for 88 games, it's not going to work anymore."

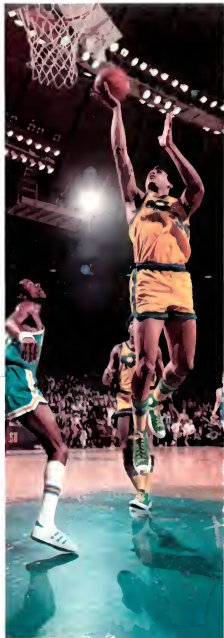
Earlier in the week, the opposing players had exchanged similar pleasantries in the press. UCLA starting guard Pete Trgovich, who grew up in East Chicago, Ind., just a few football fields away from South Bend, said, "I despise Notre Dame. I stopped liking it when Johnny Dee left. I don't like Digger Phelps." Countered Clay: "If they gave a foul for bad language, Walton would be out of the game in two minutes, especially if he blocks your shot."

The game even exceeded its promise. For weeks it had simmered as UCLA and Notre Dame marched on unbeaten. The teams presented contrasts that went beyond Los Angeles and South Bend, beyond their coaches and players and pedigrees. It was the Establishment against the nouveau riche, West vs. East, a master class against an aspiring heir.

Phelps would have none of Wooden's blase pregame attitude. He even bought a book about Wooden, read it and passed out excerpts to his staff. "I want to un-

continued

Floating like butterflies and stinging like Muhammad Ali, Notre Dame's big John Shumate (left) and Gary Brokaw led the Irish scoring





The shot heard 'round the world, roundball version, arches over Tommy Curtis (22) as Adrin Dentley (44) and Dave Meyers sweat the sport.

AFTER 88 *continued*

derstand the man," he said. Phelps showed up at the Bruins' game with Iowa in Chicago Stadium on Thursday night, huddling conspicuously with his assistants, immersed in machinations, poring over diagrams of Brain strategy.

Wooden cloaked his feelings in his usual restraint. "I haven't seen Notre Dame play," he said. "I did talk to a friend about them, not a basketball man, just a friend."

"We heard they were scouting us against Kentucky," replied Phelps.

Earlier the UCLA coach had been less than specific over whether Walton would even make the trip east. Not until Walton showed up with the UCLA team in Chicago on Wednesday and went

through a private workout (he never did see action against Iowa) was it certain he would play against Notre Dame.

"I'm really surprised," said Phelps dryly when he heard the news.

Phelps' commitment to the game is not difficult to fathom. Only a few years ago he was an acolyte, the freshman coach at Penn. The son of an undertaker, he speaks with a glub humor that belies his competitive self. "Listen," he says. "I can get you a good deal on a box." Still, there were tears in his eyes after his team beat Indiana this year. And at practice his approach is caustic.

"Get off the court," he snapped at a reserve earlier in the week. "You don't even know what day it is."

"I know how uptight he is about the game," said Brokaw. "I'm trying not to make mistakes so he won't boiler."

The week began with Phelps in his office on Monday sorting through tickets that at the moment were more popular than rosary beads. On the wall was a framed piece of paper, the diagram of Clay's winning shot against Marquette. Notre Dame had shuffled off to a 1-6 start last season and that, following on the heels of a 6-20 year, had the faithful wondering if Phelps might make a better embalmer than inspirer. Clay's shot helped turn around the year, and the Irish went on to finish second in the NIT.

Although Notre Dame was scheduled to play Georgetown Tuesday night, the

entire community was gearing only for UCLA. At the post office, a religious brother told Phelps: "Well, we've got the Jesuits Tuesday and God on Saturday."

This was the atmosphere Phelps had aspired to since he first knew success as a high school coach in Pennsylvania. He arrived at South Bend after a 26-3 season at Fordham, his only year as a head coach in college, but his fame had not preceded him.

"Trigger, would you like a drink?" asked a woman at his first South Bend cocktail party.

Phelps could have used plenty of drinks that first season. His team captain suffered a broken leg. Another guard had a bad knee and displayed the mobility of "Schultz." Digger's three-legged pet dog. The team lost by 63 points to Indiana. Phelps, a big eater, took to drowning his sorrows in soufflés.

Now, two years later, all that was over. "We're ready for UCLA," said the 32-year-old coach, who had even taken the precaution of having his team practice cutting down the nets. "For the first time we want our kids to go out and just play. UCLA is very simple. It's the Lombardi concept. They merely execute."

He planned a number of changes from his previous UCLA strategy. Switching to a man-to-man defense, he would play Shumate behind Walton to take away the lob pass. In addition, he wanted to keep the ball away from Wilkes, forcing the UCLA guards up on Walton's side of the floor, and he wanted to take away Walton's baseline move, obliging him to hook into the middle.

Generally speaking, the strategy worked. Only twice did Walton score after getting a lob pass, though he did hit 12 of 14 shots from the floor. Big Bill hurt the Irish, but he did not cripple them. Wilkes made but two of nine shots in the second half, and no field goals in the last eight minutes.

Shumate is the spice of the Notre Dame team. He outscored Walton in their two meetings last year, though Walton did not play the whole way in those easy UCLA wins. On Saturday they both had 24 points. Shumate was palpably ready. At one stage Clay had complained that his phone was ringing incessantly with calls from well-wishers. "Eat it up," the ebullient Shumate told him. "This comes only once in a lifetime."

In two early confrontations against Walton Saturday, Shumate was forced

into traveling calls. But he tempered his anxiety thereafter and acquitted himself well, especially in the final minutes, and it was he who grabbed the rebound of UCLA's last miss. "This is the greatest feeling I have ever had," he said.

If Notre Dame is good, it seems likely to get better. There are six freshmen on the team, including Dantley, another of the fine line of players Notre Dame has plucked out of the Washington, D.C. area, a list that includes Carr, Bob Whitmore, Collis Jones and Sid Cartlet. Indeed, Carr and Jones drove all night from the East Coast to South Bend last spring to meet Dantley and persuade him to attend their alma mater.

The most noticeable thing about Dantley is his strength. In his first game with the Irish, he bent the rim during warm-ups. Phelps talks with awe when describing how he was called for dunking in the Ohio State game. At the time there were Buckeye players hanging on each of his arms.

Early in the season, Dantley grew homesick. He fell behind in his studies, so much so that Phelps excused him from practice several times so he could catch up. With the aid of tutors he did. "All I've been thinking about is UCLA," he said at one point last week. "I don't believe I've ever been more mentally ready for a team. When I was a little boy, that's all I ever thought about, UCLA."

The specter of UCLA dominates Notre Dame as much as it does the rest of college basketball. The pregame frenzy reached heights of silliness when it was rumored that Notre Dame students, aware that Walton is allergic to bee stings, were going to make buzzing sounds at him Saturday. (They didn't.)

The UCLA players, meanwhile, were reacting like airplane pilots riding a Ferris wheel. On Friday Andre McCarter, a reserve guard, was sitting on the steps outside his motel room playing a flute. "There's no rah-rah stuff about the game," he said. "We look at it like a business, like a job. That's how it is at UCLA. It's like the pros, except you don't have any income."

"We don't talk about the streak," said Wilkes. "We want to win, but we don't sit around talking about it."

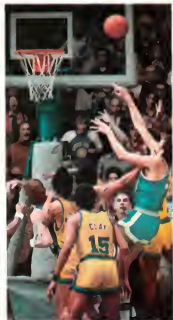
In the end, Notre Dame won it the way

it should not have won it, with a move born of desperation. The Bruins looked invincible in the first 14 minutes, raging to a 17-point lead and evoking fantasies of the future when two large golden arches would be constructed outside Pauley Pavilion. Between them would hang a sign: 11 BILLION WON.

Then Phelps put freshman Ray (Dice) Martin into the game, a play destined to give the Irish a hot roll. Martin played the point guard position, where he turned in an exemplary performance, and Clay moved to wing. Martin did not have a turnover in 22 minutes, set up the offense and strengthened the press. He also drew an offensive foul from Wilkes with 45 seconds remaining to set the scene for Clay's winning shot.

Flushed from the victory that came only weeks after Notre Dame won the national football championship, the students poured onto the floor at the end of the game. "We want to be No. 1 in both sports and UCLA is in the way," Clay had said earlier. The Bruins have not exactly disappeared, but while it lasts, being a double No. 1 is fun.

END



With seconds to go, Meyers rises high for the last lap—and the Bruins' final shot at 88.

JOHNNY MILLER, KILLER-DILLER

Another sizzling streak was at stake last week, but this one grew even longer when a new star swinging old clubs captured the Tucson Open and became the first player ever to win a four-opening triple **by DAN JENKINS**

He has a sly, subtle grin that suggests life is all an inside joke, and his favorite mannerism is to point a forefinger up into the vicinity of his eyebrow and then aim it forward for a millionth of a second, as if to say, "Oh, ha, gang, it was just another routine 62." These are hardly overwhelming theatrics, but with his colorful clothes on a slender frame that looks as if it was manufactured to model slacks and shirts, and with his blond, surfer's hair, and especially with what he has been doing lately, Johnny Miller adds up to instant glamour. He has always been big in the clothing ads, but now he is big in the golfing mind, too. Very big. Even magical. For his next trick, Miller will win a tournament by mail.

Last week out in a glorious part of the Old West, on a painted lady of a golf course called Tucson National, Miller strolled along looking his usual low-key, half-sleepy self, which is pure deception, and completed a historic triple. In the annals of the PGA tour, going back to the days when Walter Hagen used to pass the hat and coming right up through Jack Nicklaus' diet program, nobody had ever before won the first three tournaments of the year. Until Miller.

What Miller did out there on a course that was dolled up for TV with a bright green rubberbase latex paint, was add the Tucson Open to the Phoenix Open and the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am. One, two, three. Johnny Miller is the real comet of 1974.

The fact is, it was Miller's fourth win in a row, for he had captured the World Cup in Marbella, Spain in his last appearance of 1973. That was in late November. To make his heroics all the more impressive, there are the following statistics: all 11 of his rounds this year (the fourth round of the Crosby was canceled) have been sub-par, and his stroke average per 18 holes is a nifty 68.3. And his bank account for 1974 shows \$90,000, a record for the planet Earth, January division.

Winning at Tucson was not that easy. The troublesome thing about a golf tournament is that people simply will not

drop dead and let you win it just because you have become the new superceleb of the circuit. Even after a remarkable opening 62, Miller led by only four strokes. There were lunkers about, such as Jerry Heard and Allen Miller.

On both Friday and Saturday it seemed Miller would get rid of these nuisances and glide easily home, that he would not be forced to finish with birdies on the last two holes to nudge, say, Lanny Wadkins, as he had at Phoenix. But each time he stretched his lead to as much as seven shots, he went into a snooze, as if he somehow believed the clubs themselves would do the work. On Friday he bogeyed three of the last four holes to cut his lead to four shots. On Saturday he bogeyed three of the last seven and had his lead reduced to two. And by now he had a very serious guy chasing him, rookie Ben Crenshaw, who is something of a comet himself. Crenshaw had gradually been moving into contention with a 70, then a 69, then a 67.

The whole tournament was in the last threesome Sunday when Miller went out with Crenshaw and his good friend, Jerry Heard, a couple of sharks Johnny described as "very hungry."

"I'm worn out," Miller said Sunday morning. "I'm no superman."

He started out as if he intended to get it over with quickly. He birdied the first three holes. But even that did not lock it up because Crenshaw birdied two of the first five. The two exchanged more birdies and bogeys, and when they both turned in two-under, Miller still had only a two-stroke lead on Crenshaw, who by now was the only player capable of overtaking him.

Before the last 18 Miller had said, "I'm impressed with Ben's personality, but this will be my first round with him. I hope he's not as good as they say."

Crenshaw is, but nobody is as good as Johnny Miller right now. What Miller did was start the back side in the same catch-fire way he frequently does things. He birdied the 10th. Then the 12th. Then the 13th. Then the 15th. He was never in

danger of losing. His 68 and 272 brought him in three strokes ahead of Crenshaw.

Through it all, Miller was relaxed and outgoing as he tried to put his low-key personality in a better, clearer perspective for the anxious, waiting, questioning world. He chatted in the locker room with friends around, and he chatted in the dining room with his wife and two small children around, and he chatted through the constant interruptions that befall a star.

"Uh, you're Johnny Miller, right?" said a big-voiced radio man one day in the locker room. "We need you for five or 10 minutes."

Miller looked up. "Well, I'm busy and you're interrupting," he said.

The man left and Miller turned back to a friend.

"I wasn't rude," he said, accurately enough. "He was rude and I was being honest."

A constant theme with Miller is the mind—he often asks more questions than he is asked—and what that mind has instructed him to scribble down on an old envelope.

"I've known how to play golf for a long time," he says. "I started when I was five. I don't practice anymore. Look at these hands. No calluses. What I do is warm up. In between, I read my envelope."

On the envelope is a litany of reminders, all of which help the tall, stylish 26-year-old turn "muscle memory" into winning golf. For instance:

"Accelerate the whole club."

"Get the blade on the ball."

"Picture the swing."

"The setup is everything."

"Take it back slow."

"Speed is in the feel."

When Miller hits a golf ball, he goes through a process "like feeding a computer." As in:

"I know the lie, the wind, the distance and the club. I set up. I get comfortable. I tell myself to take it back slow. To keep my head still. The final thing I do is picture the swing I want to make."

Many notations have been made by Andy Martinez, who has been Miller's caddie for three years. "Put down 'Don't rush it,'" Miller may have said during a round, and Martinez would produce the envelope and record the thought.

Miller is not establishing himself as the alltime authority on shonmaking, a Harry Vardon from Napa valley. "But I think I do know a lot about the swing, and I think I know myself," he says.

On that subject, he observes: "I think I'm as good a player as anybody has been for my age. I don't know how much bet-

ter I can be. Experience is what improves you. I've only been out here 4½ years."

How much better does he want to be?

Miller thinks about that.

"As good as I can be," he says slowly, "without sacrificing my family for it."

There is also a question that arises because of his low-key manner. How fierce a competitor is he? Is he, deep down, the "killer" that people consider Jack Nicklaus, Lee Trevino, Tom Weiskopf or Lanny Wadkins to be?

"Today," he says, "if we all go out and play as well as we can play, Jack will

win. If we all play head to head, Trevino will win. Tom has everything but he tries to take his game beyond the human maximum. Lanny just wants to beat your brains out for three cents."

And Miller?

"I want to keep on winning for a long time. I want to be a great player now, of course, but I want to be a great player 15 years from now. That's why I decided a long time ago not to let myself get too high or too low. I don't even like to laugh at other people's jokes. I expect a lot of myself, by the way, because I've always been a leader. In Boy Scouts, in my church, with friends, whatever. I don't know why."

Miller confesses he is striving to become a California model of Nicklaus.

"Jack doesn't hit it that much better than most of us except in the power zone. But he's a thinker. The best."

And Johnny Miller is fascinated with what is happening to Johnny Miller. He is observing himself as he observes others on the tour.

"Two years ago I would have gone home after I won the Crosby. Now I'm intrigued with winning. After I won Phoenix for two in a row—or three, counting Spain—I caught myself thinking, 'I don't want anybody else to win out here, ever.' Now that's crazy."

Looking into the future, what can he see for himself?

"I think I ought to win the Open a couple more times. I ought to win the Masters. You know, it's funny but there are five guys who are absolutely convinced they're going to win the Masters this year. I'm one of them. It's going to be interesting to see how the four of us who don't win it will react."

Miller tinkers with his clubs as much as he does with his head. His clubs are ancient, not what you would expect from his dashing image. His irons are an old set of Armours, circa 1947, but they have been reshaped, he has taken an inch off the hosel, thinned the top lines, reground the soles, regrooved the faces. Everything that can be done in the way of a golfing face-lift. His woods are almost as old as his irons, and his putter is an original Bullseye, which makes it a true relic.

"My clubs are old, my clothes are new," he laughs. But what is really getting old to most of the players on the tour is Johnny Miller winning golf tournaments.

END



Miller and his caddie for the last three years, Andy Martinez, give a putt the double whammy.

Little was going well for Marcello Luigi Fiasconaro, the South African who, quite by design, runs for Italy. First, it took him almost two days to jet from Johannesburg to Los Angeles for last Saturday night's Sunkist Invitational Indoor Track Meet. Arriving at midnight Thursday, he stumbled sleepily from the plane and said that he was glad he only had to run a 440. "A who?" said Al Franken, the meet promoter, who had been at the airport since early afternoon. "We've got you running in an 830." After that, things worsened.

The next morning, following an uneventful seven-mile run with Fanie Van Zijl, the South African miler, and Coach Stewart Banner, Fiasconaro set off for a doctor's appointment in Burbank. "It's a 10-minute trip," said Franken, assigning his son Donald to drive Fiasconaro and Banner. An hour and a half later Donald, hopelessly lost in the maze of freeways, ran out of gas. Laughing, Fiasconaro dived from the car and pushed it to an exit ramp that, happily, was downhill and near a gas station.

"I thought he might get upset," said Donald. "But he just kept the radio on and sang all the way. Except when the girl pulled up alongside us at a traffic light and asked how to get to Westwood."

"Fantastic," said Fiasconaro, rolling down his window. "I didn't hear you. Where do you want to go?"

"To Westwood," said the girl, a beauty. "Do you know where it is?"

"Certainly," said the good-looking 25-year-old bachelor. "You just go up to the corner . . . no, you turn around and . . . well, I don't know. I'm from South Africa. Why don't you see if it isn't in Room 804 of the Sheraton-West Hotel."

"Goodbye," said the girl.

"Hurry up, Donald," said Fiasconaro. "I've got to get back and call my girl in Charlotte, New York City. And there is



MARCELLO SHOWED HE IS NO FIASCO

Lover, film freak, wild man, world-record holder, Marcello Fiasconaro compromised in L.A., but lived up to his billings by PAT PUTNAM

a great movie on TV. Fantastic. First class. Super."

At the hotel he dived from the car. Fiasconaro rarely slips over a car. He dives head first, rolls over and then leaps to his feet. He's 6'3" and weighs 175 pounds, and with his long, slightly wild hair his automobile exits can be startling. Now erect, he headed for his room, the TV set and the telephone. He never turns a TV set off, day or night. "I don't want to wait for it to warm up," he explains. "A good movie might be on." He is a movie freak, preferring Westerns, but he will take what he can get. He ranks Clint Eastwood just a tad ahead of John Wayne and Steve McQueen.

In Room 804, Fiasconaro switched the dial on his warm TV set until he found a Jean Harlow movie. "I've seen it before. It's a bloody awful murder mystery," he said gaily. Then he picked up the phone, got information in New York City and asked for Charlotte.

"Charlotte who?" said the operator.

Between them, they decided his girl must live in Charlotte Center in upstate New York. Switching operators, he tried again. "Nobody lives there," the operator said. "It's a place people drive through. Maybe you want the Charleston Coast Guard Station. Is your girl in the Coast Guard?" That night Fiasconaro sadly told Miler Marty Liquori that his girl lived in a place that did not exist.

"Charlotte, New York?" said Liquori. "The only Charlotte I ever heard of is in North Carolina."

"That's it!" said Fiasconaro. "I made a little mistake. I'll go call her now." In North Carolina it was 2 a.m.

Meanwhile, Franken and Coach Banner were negotiating the distance of Saturday night's race. It was Banner, Scottish-born but now one of South Africa's top business executives, who discovered Fiasconaro's track talents in 1970. Banner was coaching a team in Capetown called the Celtic Harriers, and it had nowhere to run. Fiasconaro was playing rugby for a team called the Villagers, which was building a new athletic complex in the same city. Banner suggested that the clubs combine; the rugby players could run track in the off-season to stay in shape. The forces were joined.

Then 20, Fiasconaro entered a 100-meter race as a lark and won in 11 seconds flat. Next he ran 200 meters in 23.6. Three months later he ran his first 400 in 48.5.

"I could see the tremendous potential," says Banner.

So could the Italians. In 1971, just before the European Championships, they invited Fiasconaro to compete for Italy. He was qualified; his father, an opera singer, was in the Italian air force during World War II and was shot down over North Africa. He took three bullets in his back, one of which is still there. Captured, he was taken to a POW camp in South Africa.

"When the war ended, they sent the prisoners home," said Fiasconaro. "But my father got a hernia. He stayed for an operation, met my mother and today he is the director of music and opera at the University of Capetown."

Before he turned 21, Fiasconaro was given a choice of citizenship: Italian or South African. "It was hard," he says. "I'm a South African and I love my country, but there would be no South African team in the Olympics."

At his father's urging, he decided to compete for Italy. Some South Africans, especially the conservative Afrikaners, did not like it. One newspaper called him a traitor. But he went to Italy, was issued a passport and began learning the language. "The only Italian I had ever heard was when my father was swearing at me," he says. "And he never translated." Two weeks later Fiasconaro won the 400 in the Italian national championships. But at Munich he never reached the qualifying heats; he was sidelined by a stress fracture in his left foot.

"He's always had problems with his feet," Banner says. "Too much speed work kills him. That's why we switched to the 800. He really wasn't fast enough to be a great 400 runner anyway."

It was a first-class move. Last year, Fiasconaro, who claims he would still rather be playing rugby, ran 800 meters in 1:43.7, breaking Peter Snell's 11-year-old world record by .6 of a second.

"That's why an 880 would be such a beautiful race," Franken contended to Banner. "He's got the world record in the 800. He would be racing Rick Wohlhuter, who has the 880 world record, and Mark Winzenried, who has the 1,000 indoor world record. A great match."

Banner was not impressed. "We thought it was a 440 and that's the way we trained," he said. "No 880."

Sighing, Franken suggested they compromise—run a 600.

"Fantastic," said Banner. "First class. Top rate. A 600. Done."

Wohlhuter and Winzenried were not enthralled, but said they would run the shorter distance, if not well.

"It's a different game," said Wohlhuter, a Chicago insurance adjuster who broke Jim Ryun's 880 world record of 1:44.9 by .3 of a second last year. "I haven't done any speed work. I'd say it's a little unfortunate, a little disappointing. It's diminished my chances of winning. I thought it would be a great race, he and I at the distance we are both best at."

At breakfast Saturday morning, Banner told Fiasconaro of the decision. "Great," the runner said. "Hey, did I tell you I found my girl in North Carolina? Fantastic." He giggled. "She was a little sleepy at first. She said, 'Marcello, is that you?' But then we talked a long time. I really love her."

Banner laughed. "He met her just once," he said. "In Italy."

"Yeah, but I love her," said Fiasconaro. "Hey, what time is it in Ontario? There's a girl there I want to call. She's fantastic. I think I love her."

That night, Winzenried decided he had only once chance: to come out blasting. Winzenried would decide the same thing if he were running 60 yards or a marathon. "They don't call me Super Rabbit for nothing," he said. And he came out blasting. Behind him, Wohlhuter and Fiasconaro duelled for second place, with the latter in the lead.

With 60 yards to go, Fiasconaro flew away from Wohlhuter and past Winzenried to win easily in 1:10.8 on a very slow track. Flagged, Winzenried finished a close third behind USC's James Baxser, with Wohlhuter fourth.

"It was a stinking race," said Winzenried. "If I had been up in the stands, I'd have booed. In fact, I almost went into the stands when he blew past me. Man, he's so strong I could feel the vibes."

"Hey," said Fiasconaro, with some excitement. "You know what just happened?"

"Yeah, you won."

"What? Oh, no. I got kissed by an actress. She came up and said she thought I was great. I said O.K., let's go. She said wait a minute, she'd be back. She's right over there."

"Well, go on over," said Banner.

"No," said Fiasconaro. "I don't want her to think I'm bloody pushy." **END**



Robert Byrne sits a problem in his room.

MEMO FROM MOSCOW: DON'T GET BYRNE

Hot on his world chess championship comeback, Boris Spassky faces a scholarly—and unintimidated—American by **ROBERT CANTWELL**

Boris Spassky walked the red-paneled theater of the College of Engineers, Architects and Surveyors in San Juan, Puerto Rico, at 3:30 one afternoon last week, with the quietly purposeful air of a man who knows exactly what he is doing but would really rather be doing something else. What he was there for was routine enough for a former world chess champion—to play Robert Byrne in one of the four elimination matches now being held to determine the challenger for Bobby Fischer's world chess title. Spassky's manner was almost conspicuously inconspicuous. He wore a white sport shirt, dark trousers, rough scuffed shoes, and he was deliberately casual as he peeled the cellophane off a pack of cigarettes before starting play or took his time about jotting down his move on his scorecard. An everyday matter, the game of chess, nothing to get excited about, certainly nothing to warrant the stream of complaints, protests, threats to withdraw and offstage thunder that Bobby Fischer brought to the championship match in Iceland 18 months ago.

Eight grandmasters are currently competing in three different countries for the right to play Fischer. (*The New York Times*, in an odd typographical error, headlined in its first edition: EIGHT GRANDMOTHERS JOIN IN PURSUIT OF THE KING.) None of the eight could be called a simple personality, but when the first three games with Robert Byrne were

completed last week, Boris Spassky emerged as the most baffling figure in a gallery of complex individuals. At 36, with his dark hair, square jaw, broad shoulders and appearance of physical well-being, he gave an impression of suppressed strength. In San Juan, he seemed much stronger and less nervous than when he lost his world title to Fischer. But at the end of each game he was pallid. The kindly features of Byrne across the chessboard appeared to dismay him. At 8:30 each evening, after the five required hours of play, Byrne was amiable and relaxed, while Spassky looked as though he had seen an apparition.

In a sense, he had. To begin with, nobody had expected Byrne to be there. Byrne surprisingly had vaulted into the

ranks of the eight contenders, but nobody gave him more than a rank outside chance of approaching the finals. Back in 1969, when Spassky won the world championship from Tigran Petrosian, Byrne was a little-known chess-playing instructor of philosophy at Indiana University, hardly the training ground for a man now trying to block a former world champion's attempt to come back. But, at least in their first two games, Byrne seemed at the point of doing something of the sort. And each day the shock became evident in Spassky's drawn features.

Yet the surprise did not seem to diminish the resourcefulness Spassky revealed against Byrne's unexpectedly aggressive attacks. The result was superior



chess through the week, tense games that lost none of their excitement because Spassky's ultimate victory loomed as an almost foregone conclusion. Among the world's top masters, Spassky is considered the most versatile, with a many-sided style that he can adapt at will to the character of his opponent's play. He can be cautiously defensive against a master of defense like Petrosian, or inventive and daring against an imaginative genius like Mikhail Tal, always with as many different kinds of counterplay at his command as there are opponents to use them against. That sort of range makes him dangerous against everybody, but it leaves his own essential character a mystery. He is like a many-faceted mirror reflecting the distorted images of other players.

It may have taken the apparition of a possible Byrne victory to bring Spassky out of his thicket of acquired styles. The first game was a draw, though Byrne appeared for a time to have better chances. The second was a prolonged ordeal in which an apparently defeated Byrne came back to force a draw on a chastened Spassky. The third was an unequivocal Spassky victory, achieved with a queen sacrifice that exploded into 34

moves of unbroken hazard before Byrne resigned. In another week of comparable play, Spassky could be expected to eliminate Byrne. And if that happens, it would be a convincing demonstration that the real Spassky is a better chess player than anybody, including Spassky, expected him to be.

Robert Byrne is 45, a tall, balding bespectacled scholar and chess commentator who abandoned a promising academic career three years ago to devote himself to chess. He is one player whose style Spassky cannot duplicate. Nobody can. Possibly no chess player since the philosopher Henry Thomas Buckle has had as much training in formal logic as Byrne. He began playing seriously in high school in Brooklyn, attracted by the intellectual and artistic challenge of the game—"The kind of feeling you get proving a theorem," he says, "an abstract, esthetic thing." Byrne graduated from Yale, married a girl from Vassar, fathered two children, and was a teaching fellow at Indiana while he worked on his doctoral dissertation. He and his brother Donald, now an English professor at Penn State, were regular contenders for the U.S. championship, both members of the U.S. Olympic team, and both Open champions at various times.

At Yale, Byrne's philosophy mentor had been Paul Weiss, a dynamic professor and the author of (among other works) *Sport: A Philosophic Inquiry*. Byrne's subject for his doctorate was the ontology of Paul Weiss, which may give you an idea of how likely it was to become a best seller. "Why Robert never completed his dissertation is a mystery," his former wife (they were divorced in 1970 and he has since remarried) said the other day. "It is true that chess interfered with the writing of his thesis. But I believe his grades were all A's except for the incompletes he got for not finishing the dissertation."

"Byrne was interested in the speculative side of metaphysics," says Professor Newton Stallknecht, a former colleague, "and in the metaphysical side of Whitehead's philosophy and its relation to the history of Western thought." Byrne taught courses in the history of philosophy and, briefly, a course in logic at Butler University. He



Spassky was on the courts between games.

commanded the admiration of his colleagues, one of whom recalls "the intelligence and organizing ability he showed in setting up his sections."

Except for one three-year period when he gave up chess entirely, he was known in academic circles as the best chess player among professors, and in chess circles as the best philosopher among chess players. "It was a stupid move to give chess up," Byrne said. "I could have fitted it in. It took me another three years to round into form again."

The other player whose style Spassky cannot make his own is, of course, Bobby Fischer. Under the rules of the International Chess Federation (FIDE), Fischer must defend his title next year or forfeit it to the winner of the current elimination series. Besides Spassky and Byrne, six grandmasters are still in contention: Viktor Korchnoi and Henrique Mecking are meeting in Augusta, Ga.; Tigran Petrosian and Lajos Portisch on the island of Majorca off Spain; and Anatoly Karpov and Lev Polugayevsky in Moscow—five Russians, a Brazilian, a Hungarian and an American. The four winners of these matches will play a semi-final round in April, and the two survivors will meet in September. In the past, the winner of one of these elimination matches was the player to score the most points—one point for a win, half a point for a draw—in a match covering a set number of games. In a 10-game match,

continued



With no Fischereauque histrionics, Byrne and Spassky quietly start Game One of their match.

a player with one victory and nine draws would win. Bobby Fischer's objections led to an improvement in the rules: the victor now is the first player to win three games, draws not counting unless at the end of 16 games neither player has won three; if a tie still exists then, a coin flip decides the winner.

With acute insight, chess analyst Larry Evans once wrote that Spassky was "a prisoner of his own dignity." One reason for his defeat by Fischer was psy-

chological: Spassky, he said, was "clearly shocked and offended by Fischer's off-board antics." Shocking, also, was the official Soviet reaction to Spassky's defeat. Exactly seven friends and relatives reportedly were on hand at the airport to greet him on his chilly return to Moscow. Some of the privileges given him as the world champion were said to have been reduced by the Ministry of Sport and Culture. "He failed to display high qualities of will and morale," said So-

vietky Sport. As a further punishment he was refused permission to play in two tournaments abroad, one in San Antonio with a first prize of \$1,000. As world champion, Spassky received a monthly salary of more than \$500, high by Russian standards. He lost some of that—or all of it, by some accounts. In San Juan, Spassky admitted that losing the title meant financial problems. "I like to make as much money as possible," he said dryly. "I'm making less *continued*

TWO OTHER MASTERS TEE UP AT AUGUSTA

You know how they play chess in Georgia: they line up the pieces and knock them down with a football. At least, so claim those who think a Southerner can't tell a fianchettoed bishop from a candied apple. Not so. Augusta, Ga., actually was a logical choice for the quarterfinal match between Viktor Korchnoi of the U.S.S.R. and Brazil's Henrique Mecking. Augustans know how to treat their Masters.

The match had been awarded to the U.S. and the players had asked for a small town with a temperate climate—a compromise between Korchnoi's winterbound Leningrad and Mecking's subtropical Rio. With an offer combining good facilities and local cash, Augusta won, and so what if the Georgia newspapers underplayed the event and most townspeople didn't appreciate it? "What," asked a waitress, "is chess?"

Korchnoi, 42, the world's fifth-ranked player, is both asper on defense and an uncompromising attacker. His colleagues call him Viktor the Terrible. Mecking, 21, may come to be known as Henrique the Horri-

ble. At the interzonals, he was unbeaten, knocking off such figures as Samuel Reshevsky, Russia's Vladimir Savon and former world titlist Vassily Smyslov.

In person, Viktor the Terrible is downright cuddly. Chunky and smiling, he looks like a cross between Henry Kissinger and Art Buchwald. He creates sympathy rather than fear, having won the Russian title four times without becoming world champion. An ulcer pained him for 10 years. "It was an illness not only of stomach but nervous system," he says. "Now," he asserts with candor, "I am too old."

Mecking bears some interesting comparison with Bobby Fischer. Both are authentic geniuses and both were champions of their countries at 13. Like Fischer, Mecking is ambitious, self-centered and difficult.

Small, dark, toothy and curly-haired, he permitted himself a brief chat with a visitor last week. He bounced on his bed and kept looking at his wristwatch through turquoise-colored glasses. "At age four I play checkers," he rattled. "At five I beat mother and

father. At six I see chess and I learn to play. Yeah, by myself. The first time I play in the championship of my state I won, at 12. The first time I play in the championship of Brazil I won, at 13. The first time I play in the South American championship I won, at 14." At 18 he quit school to play chess full time. Henrique also plays volleyball, practices karate, reads science fiction and listens to pop music. "I do all the things normal," he says, including wearing a sweater bearing a large advertisement for Brazilian coffee.

In their four previous matches Korchnoi and Mecking were 1-1-2. This time Korchnoi, with White, began the first game with an English variation and was abruptly reversed by a Mecking innovation on the ninth move. Toward the end of the session Mecking found himself with less than six minutes to make his last 18 moves. He beat the deadline by seven seconds, sometimes shifting a piece and hitting the time clock almost simultaneously. At adjournment, he was a pawn and possibly position up, but in the resumption Korchnoi struggled back for a draw—small consolation for the favored older man. In any case, Viktor's hopes of wrapping up the match within 10 games and then going sight-seeing in the U.S. looked slim then and even worse when two more games ended in draws.

While only 40 spectators turned out to watch this new version of Augusta's Masters, more than 700 crowded into the Moscow Writers Club to watch Russians Anatoly Karpov, 22, and Lev Polugayevsky, 39, draw their first two games. Many experts rate Karpov, the world's most successful grandmaster in 1973, as even money with Spassky to win the eliminations. Meanwhile on sunny Majoreca another Russian, former world champion Tigran Petrosian, 44, and Hungarian Lajos Portisch, 36, drew their opener. Neither of this pair is given much of a chance to meet, much less beat, Bobby Fischer.

—JIM KAPLAN

Henrique (The Horrible) Mecking and Viktor (The Terrible) Korchnoi play a first-game draw.





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"I think the measures of the Soviet businessmen with regard to Spassky can be described as counterproductive," said Julio Kaplan. Kaplan is a brilliant 23-year-old Puerto Rican grandmaster who won the world junior title at 17 and is acting as the official analyst of the Byrne-Spassky match. "As a result, Spassky's chess since Iceland has ranged from the desperate to the equal of his best efforts in the past." In a minor tournament in West Germany, Spassky finished in a three-way tie for first. Last March in Tallinn, in what used to be Estonia, he could do no better than a three-way tie for third. Then at the European team championships in England last summer, Spassky won the gold medal for achieving the top score of any Board One player. And last fall he won the Soviet championship, winning seven games, drawing nine and losing one. In so doing he finished well ahead of the four other Russian contenders in the current elimination rounds—Petrosian, Karpov, Korchnoi and Polugaevsky. And as the Soviet champion once again, he also reportedly returned to the payroll. Finally, there was the possibility, assuming he got by Byrne, that he might well get another chance at Fischer. "There are eight of us in the qualifying rounds," he said. "I may not win. But if I do, I'll have the right impetus and morale."

Immediately after arriving in San Juan, he was asked about his defeat by Fischer, a question he is evidently tired of. "He won on psychological grounds in addition to the actual playing," he said, and then announced that he would give no more interviews. When Byrne arrived, he too was asked about Fischer and Spassky. "Boris had some problems after his match with Bobby," Byrne said tactfully. "But he has come back brilliantly." Those matters established, the contest could begin.

The brilliance displayed in the first half of the first game was all Byrne's. Playing White he opened with P-K4 and Spassky replied with P-QB4, leading to what is known as the Najdorf variation of the Sicilian Defense. Ten minutes passed quietly and then, on Byrne's sixth move, he opened an attack on the king side. He traded queens on Move 13, made a risky queenside castle two moves later, and won a pawn on Move 17. To the audi-

ence in the 96-seat theater of the College, Byrne's confidence seemed no less than belligerent, the startling venture of a middle-aged professor taking a daring chance in the opportunity of a lifetime. The Colegio de Ingenieros y Arquitectos y Agrimensores, located in an almost impenetrable maze of one-way streets, was an ideal site for the drama that was unfolding: quiet and comfortable, altogether free of the noisy kahuzers and the gargoyle types who have plagued chess tournaments since Fischer made boomtown fashionable. There was no question of the power of Byrne's attack, or of the careful preparation that had preceded it. If there was any flaw, it seemed perhaps a little premature, without the resources to sustain it. Byrne's pawn advantage was countered by Spassky's greater mobility as Byrne tied up his pieces in defense of his extra pawn. And in the later moves Byrne's inspiration seemed to falter. His moves were still carefully composed, distilled from a wealth of chess precedents and chess history, but they lacked the freshness of his challenging start, and Spassky eventually achieved the draw.

The second game was a demonstration of "the abstract esthetic thing," Byrne finds in chess. With the White pieces Spassky opened P-K4, and the Sicilian Defense, Najdorf variation, almost duplicated the pattern of the first game, except that Spassky played with none of the extravagance of Byrne's attack. His moves were patient and calculated, amounting to a lesson on how Spassky felt Byrne should have played when he had the White pieces.

The game was also characterized by a kind of structured tension, something beautifully machined and engineered, so that the slightest pressure at any point on the board seemed to affect the entire edifice. At 8:05 p.m., after four hours and 35 minutes of play, on his 38th move, Byrne made what the assembled experts called his worst blunder, a pawn move that Spassky took immediate advantage of with a kingside attack. Every expert concluded that Byrne's game was as good as lost when adjournment came two moves later. Their opinions varied only in degree. "A very bad position," said one. "Clearly favorable to Spassky," said Julio Kaplan. "Hopeless for Byrne," said a third expert.

But hopeless it was not. After 32 more moves the next day, Spassky proposed a

continued

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CHESS continued

draw and made his exit out a side door. There was a standing ovation of sorts for Byrne—96 people are not much of a cheering section—for what the *San Juan Star* called "turning a psychological loss into a draw." "It is unfortunate that Byrne met Spassky in the first round," said Dr. Max Euwe of FIDE. Indeed, Byrne might have been able to handle some of the other grandmasters.

Next day Spassky came back for the third game with the mask off and the absolute need to win as present as a specter by his side. He had stopped smoking (his last cigarette was on Move 60 of the adjourned game the day before) and he was restless. At 4:12, beginning a breakthrough on his 16th move, he ate a candy bar. Waiting for Byrne to answer, he paced back and forth in front of the stage. At 4:17 he sat on the sofa at one side of the playing area, looking forlorn, rising after a moment and crossing the room to sit on a straight chair by the judge's table. Thereafter he resumed his pacing periodically, at 5:19, 5:27, 5:37, 5:45, 5:48, 5:57. Byrne, who was smoking almost continuously, took no more exercise between his moves than that required to take off his glasses and polish them.

At 6:12, on his 22nd move, Spassky sacrificed his queen for two bishops and two pawns, and ended up with an overwhelming position. He paced very little after that, but sat mainly with his elbows on the table and his head cradled in his hands. With an advantage in position and material, Spassky made a long series of neutral moves and meaningless checks in order to arrive at the 40th move and adjourn the game. When he reached it he stopped his clock before he sealed his move, a rule-hook error beginners frequently make. The game started a brief hassle, the only one of the match. Nothing could have been further from the ramorous atmosphere of the games with Fischer in Iceland.

The revampment next afternoon took only 16 moves before Byrne resigned. The *San Juan Star* afterward explained the applause that followed as a tribute to the players for their stubbornness in transforming defeats into draws or for holding on in the face of defeat. But it was rather a tribute to the drama of an urbane and cultivated scholar, enjoying a belated time with a game he loves, matched against a veteran professional playing as if his life depended on it. **END**

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The back room of the modern ring has seldom had a secure location, the exceptions coming during the dear-dumb-rich reign of Mike Jacobs and the veneered squalor of Jim Norris and friends. In other times, too much greed among amateurs, too many private wars among lifers, and the disloyal nature of the species itself have combined to obstruct any single grab for power. Like those crap games that never used to end, the room had a new address—and often a new set of faces—nightly. Sessions were freelance and so human; the high players all had long fingers.

Back room or out in front, the murky dealings of boxing were part of the ring's intrigue—if that word ever can be equat-

ed with the realism of pain and blood. A perverted pleasure, maybe, but to all save the most implacable of innocents it was a merry sight to see one manager up against another, to observe their mendacity, their slanders, to witness the braille-like moves of commissioners, all so obvious. The Jacobs era was a model of rascality, though one with personality. Later came Norris and Frankie Carbo, who had the mien of a tarantula and a very long reach with a blackjack at the end of it. The back room of the ring was in a flophouse.

Since then it has taken over a decade for real power to emerge once more, but today it can be found on the 31st floor of one of those Park Avenue success pal-

aces. You will not find anyone slurping soup there, or any mangled cigars—not even the screams of paranoia that usually go with the block and tackle of a boxing deal. Everything is quiet and clean, like the nicking off of a button with a razor blade. "The fun is all gone," says Harold Conrad, looking over the offices of Top Rank, Inc., financial home of Muhammad Ali, cradle of the New Deal, World Unity and boxing's latest strongman, Robert Arum.

"He's here to stay," says Conrad, who works for Arum. Conrad knows about such things. Around boxing, he long has been regarded as something like a well-thought-of monsignor at the Vatican, close enough to hear the whispers behind

INTRODUCING, IN THE BACK ROOM, THE MAN WITH A PACKAGE

Boxing's newest heavyweight is Bob Arum. All is his, Frazier vs. Ali is his and entrée to the sport's power sources and money resources are his. And his sometime rivals respect—grudgingly—his New Deal

by **MARK KRAM**



cupped hands but never too close for his own good. If Conrad's opinion is not enough, then just a glimpse of Robert Arum himself will do. He looks like... well, merely say he should be seated across from Sidney Greenstreet, each with a fez on, and only one of them is sweating beneath a creaking fan. It is not Arum, for he has all the smuggled guns—as usual.

Whip-leather tough and as clever as the smallest of night animals has to be, Arum is no sudden figure in boxing. He was visible through most of the '60s, a fringe presence that seemed to be grazing on the old soldiers. There was nothing striking about him then. He tended to a slight heaviness, could be a bit loud

and he seemed always to wear a strange sort of grin, an unsettling one, that looked as if it were painted on his face. It took a while, but soon it became clear that he was not a hanger-on but a gating force steadily gathering strength in the center of the sport.

This week, as the rematch between Joe Frazier and Ali becomes a reality, a lot more is noticeable about Bob Arum. Besides his new look, lean and meticulously pin-striped, it is apparent that his is one of the most ranking names to surface in boxing in a long time. It is also plain that he does not have a scintilla of interest in the ring. "He's on the outside," says matchmaker Teddy Brenner, "not down with a fighter's blood and sweat." That

vantage point suits Arum. "Fighters bore me," he says, adding that he prefers more—if he must—the company of larcenous managers.

The cornerstone of Arum's power has been Ali. At times it was a tremulous alliance, but now it has settled into a secure pact. As Ali's lawyer, Arum owns 10% of him—forever. Through Top Rank, the closed-circuit television empire that Arum heads, he also gets his share of whatever the company is able to work out for Ali. The rewards have been handsome for Arum as well as Ali and Herbert Muhammad, who represents Black Muslim interests. More vital to Arum, though, is his hookup to the world link of the ring.

There is truth to the old maxim that whoever controls the big name among the heavyweights, or the champion, has the sport by the throat. Thus, many believe that if Ali loses to Frazier, Arum will be through. On the surface that would seem to be the case, but Arum is more than the controller of an eminent heavyweight. He is a boxing version of that figure one seems to bump into at every turn of life in America: the man with the package. No people, no beliefs, just packages to be assembled and moved.

With a firm grasp of the ways of TV, Arum is unique as a boxing packager. No loose ends dangle when he is involved in a major bout. He is precise, knows where the money is all the time, and everyone—Arum included—gets what is coming to him. No more, no less. "I want to make Foreman and Quarry," says Arum, "but I can't work with Foreman's man. He wants something I can't give." Arum then moans over the amount of grief one must bear in boxing, the number of empty-headed recalcitrants and the general chaos in the sport.

Even so, Arum is known as a hard man to impede for long. He can bristle at wasted motion and stupid delays. "I get results right away—now," he says. "I can pick up a phone and in one call make a fight that would take three or four weeks for somebody else scrounging around. And I'll have a letter of credit up in two days." Much of this power—Arum prefers the word influence—is tied directly to several figures throughout the world. They are the makers and the breakers of the ring, and one cannot deal around them. Nor would it be bright to do so, because they are the money.

Cartel might be the proper description,
continued





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yet it is not that exactly. International unity is what it is, says Arum. More like an invisible belt of power around boxing, a less subtle man might say. The lineup is this: George Parnassus (the Far East and any place he chooses to night); Tito Lectori (South America); Rodolfo Sabbatani (Italy and France); Jarvis Astaire (Great Britain); Bob Arum (the U.S.). If there is major action to be cut up anywhere, it is a solid bet that each of these men, controlling the closed-circuit machinery as well as all else in their regions, will have a knife in his hand.

Their common bond, then, is that they all make money for each other. There is nothing tough about it, or even practical, Arum says. "I like to get something done cleverly, but not by stealing. I like to outwit an opponent. Stealing makes me very uncomfortable." Arum balks also at any implication of "family" here, of something dark yet undefinable. Then why are he and his nonfamily always bent over the same pie? Simply because, says Arum, "there are so many dummies in this game, who else can you work with?" Jim Wicks, the old manager of Henry Cooper, perceives something else. Speaking of Astaire—Arum's major confederate—he says:

"If you don't want to work for certain people, you have to get out of the game. If a manager says two words wrong he is barred, he don't get no more work. I don't want to name anyone, but certain people . . ."

Says Astaire: "I'll tell you why this situation arises. There isn't room at the top. There will always be one person, one group or faction at the top, but there is not room for two. Everyone pays lip service to there being room for everybody, but it's on the way up, not at the top. There can be only one No. 1. I'm sorry, but there it is."

Urbane and a student of money, Astaire is clearly Arum's kind of operator. So is Mike Burke, the latest high priest at Madison Square Garden. "We did no negotiating with Teddy Brenner or Ali-Frazier," Arum emphasizes. "We made the deal with Mike Burke over dinner at '21.'" Why Burke instead of the old tradesman Brenner? "Recause," Arum says, "Mike Burke is a very intelligent, sophisticated man. And Teddy Brenner is a good matchmaker." He pauses: "I categorize Brenner as an honest person. Extremely unimaginative. He is a boxing purist and a traditionalist. He

still doesn't understand the impact and importance of the TV aspect of boxing."

For Arum, phones do not go dead at the mention of his name. But people are cautious, and even his enemies stop at total candor. The late Yank Durham—Frazier's manager—never could abide Arum's presence in the same room and, try as he might, Arum never could close a deal with Durham. The manager would not elaborate: only a grumble and scowl signified his feelings. "To this day," Arum says, "I don't know why he disliked me so." Genuine hurt, sometimes mild shock, crosses Arum's face whenever the question of his unpopularity arises; it confounds him that anyone would not like him.

For one thing, he says, every fighter should be grateful to him for his New Deal. Not only has he opened fertile foreign markets, but for the first time the fighter is getting an "honest count" in the closed-circuit business, a complex and maddening end of the game. "The fighters are getting what they deserve," says Arum, "and I can tell you that's never happened before. Poor Floyd Patterson will never know how much was denied him. Sonny Liston lost a small fortune, and Ali never got all that was coming to him at first. But now we bring them up here, show them how to go over things, and they can bring anybody along to help them." Ali, for one, does not seem all that appreciative of Arum. Is he your friend? Ali was asked. He replied icily "No."

Friends and associates of Arum—and they are difficult to find—seem to have short tenure. One partner was Bob Kassel, who set up Ali's comeback fight in Atlanta with Jerry Quarry after considerable frustration. A contract for an Ali-Frazier bout in Detroit was signed, but Michigan backed off. Conrad was working Washington. Judge Roy Hofheinz was trying to swing Houston, but Ali would not take a three-fight agreement that the judge wanted. Cleveland fell through when Mayor Carl Stokes would not risk his political future. More negotiations collapsed, and Kassel grew impatient. He was the money behind it all, Arum was the dealer. "It cost me \$50,000, and Arum came up with nothing," says Kassel. "So I made my own deal." Arum was out.

Says Arum: "I always remember what people do to me—not for me." Arum did not forget Kassel, exhausting ev-

ery channel in an effort to destroy the Atlanta fight. There was litigation, about which there are differences. "Somebody got a lawyer to try and prove I took money from the company off the fight," Kassel says. "And without the suit ever being in court, the person mailed a copy to Herbert Muhammad. I don't know who it was, but Herbert somehow wound up with a copy. There are 40,000 men in New York with cleats on who want to run right over you." Kassel temporarily faded from the picture, but the two are back now on good terms. Arum denies any wrongdoing, saying it was a class action suit brought by the stockholders of the company. "When a lawyer called me for background material I told him everything I knew."

Nor is all calm between Arum and Herbert Muhammad. Dick Fulton, the lecture agent who held Ali together during his long absence from boxing, says that Arum and Herbert split up in 1971. Arum had asked Herbert to make up a \$100,000 loss from the Buster Mathis fight. The two did not speak until January of 1972, when Ali was being sued for missing a lecture engagement in Jamaica. Arum handled the case for \$5,000, and came out of it with a four-year contract as Ali's lawyer. Chauncey Eskridge, Ali's longtime attorney, inadvertently helped Arum's cause by getting a promise of payment for the Jürgen Blin fight in Zurich instead of an irrevocable letter of credit, an uncharacteristic error that cost Ali \$100,000. Now Ali needs Arum more than Arum needs him, more than ever Ali's affairs need careful handling.

With his growing reach around the world—not to mention his ambition—there is a permanence about Arum, a tenacity that will not be quenched by the enmity that is part of the nature of those who work in boxing. (It is said that once a man gets involved in the ring he will stay forever just to get even.) Arum sees a real mother lode in the sport, and it is doubtful that he will stop until he has mined it completely. And if he has a prototype—the running, unscrupulous Sammy Glick seems a favorite of his critics—it is Roy Cohn from the Patterson-Liston days. Arum says he is not fond of Cohn, disapproves of his methods, but not many can forget the night Cohn walked into a restaurant and shook Arum's hand. Cohn then left and Arum said unapologetically, "I've finally made it."

A fight Cohn was involved in first

continued



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made Arum curious about the financial end of boxing. Arum was working in the U.S. Attorney's office when the IRS called on it to prevent money from the first Patterson-Lisbon bout from finding its way to Switzerland. "That's where I learned about the business," says Arum. Later, at the Chuvato-Terrell fight in Toronto, the first bout Arum had ever seen, he met Jim Brown, who had a direct line to the Muslims. "Why can't we do what Cohn did, only better?" Arum asked the ex-Cleveland fullback. Brown was impressed by Arum's desire to give the fighters what was coming to them and eventually a meeting was arranged between Arum and the Muslim leaders. What soon followed was Ali's declaration of the Muslim faith, the disintegration of the Louisville Syndicate that had launched and supported Cassius Clay and the formation of a new company to guide and promote Ali. It was called Main Bout, and it was run by Arum.

Things went awry only when Ali adopted his controversial stance concerning his religion and the draft. Where was Arum then, a lot of people have wanted to know? Arum denies now that he deserted Ali. "I tried desperately," he says, "to get him back in the ring. I even loaned him money." Lecture Agent Fulton agrees: "Yeah, all of about the immense sum of \$500. Can you imagine?" While Ali was inactive, Arum was not. He had set up a new group called Sports Action, and it ran the lucrative World Elimination Tournament to find a successor to Ali. None of the profits of this promotion—not a dime—was channeled to sustain Ali, to blunt his draining legal fees; he was alone.

It is true that Arum was not bound by contract to assist Ali financially, but it was his failure to do more as a friend that offends the people who know Arum. The Mark Fine case is also given as an example. Fine had been convicted of murdering his bookmaker over a World Series bet and Arum took over the case when the conviction was appealed. "Arum won a reputation out of the case," says a former associate, "but he didn't know Fine had ever been alive after the trial."

Says Arum: "He was a client I lied my guts out working on that case. But I never professed to like the guy. What does Mark mean to me? He's a fearless guy in prison. Sure I have compassion, but I don't consider him my friend. I got aunts and uncles in the

wilds of Brooklyn I should visit first."

Arum was raised in Brooklyn, a son of an accountant. He went to Harvard Law School, and since then his climb has been steady: a Wall Street firm, the U.S. Attorney's office, and then with Louis Nizer before opening his own large practice. For all of his background, another ex-associate says, "he's a very innocent sort of naive guy in a strange way. He thinks everybody likes him. He always has to believe he's doing right. It's all ego-centric, more than with anybody I've ever met. Arum, understand, is his own friend, fiercely his own friend. That's his way. If you're in trouble, forget Arum. But if things are good, he can be terrific. And generous. I kinda like him, but I don't respect him. I mean how can you work with a guy who has one foot in the lifeboat all the time?"

Obviously a sense of outrage persists about Arum. Yet, no one can or wants to be specific, and it may well be true that the criticism is the result of hustled egos and outwitted brains. For all of his operations and the arguments about him, Arum personally does not seem a striking figure, sinister or otherwise. He has no panache, and what is seen is a bargainer whose sense of life and of people seems to have been vivisectioned by money and corporate maneuvering. "Boxing," Arum says, "means nothing to me. It's a business. Two guys fighting in a ring, that has nothing to do with me. If somebody came to me and said I have the greatest match mankind has ever seen, and you can put it on for the benefit of mankind but there's no money to be made, I'd... well, I'd look at him like he was crazy."

That, of course, may be the way it has always been with those who have run the ring's back room. If so, well at least there was an air of slapstick, of humanism—however scurrily about it. But there is no such feel here, just a droning buzz through a ganglia of telephone wires between impersonal men putting a package together, the dry air from a roomful of accountants, the scent of lawyers.

Sonny Liston was noted for his hinter, but only two things ever truly agitated him: he would become infuriated at anyone who asked his age, and he despised lawyers. A long time ago he made an observation that summed up his view. "I'll tell ya, man," he said at the end of a long string of epithets, "give me the oldtime dealers. Somebody's gotta get these lawyers outta boxing." **END**

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THE Hound

Hockey's badmen occupy a special niche in the lore of the sport, but seldom are they essential to a team's success. They go to the penalty box a good deal, providing the other side choice opportunities to score. If they lean too sharply on the enemy's meek, sooner or later will come heavy retribution. Purists don't like them much; they interrupt what should be a quicksilver flow of swift and purposeful action.

But once in a while these heavies can mean the difference between triumph and

mere trying, as the division-leading Philadelphia Flyers so clearly demonstrate. Bob (Hound) Kelly, above, and Dave (Hammer) Schultz, below and in full fist at right, are the commandos who soften defenses for hot sticks like Bobby Clarke and Rick MacLeish and belt squatters off the front porch of Philly's goalie, Bernie Parent, at present the outstanding netminder in the National Hockey League and a man with nine shutouts. Turn these pages for more Hound and Hammer, followed by Mark Mulvoy's appraisal.

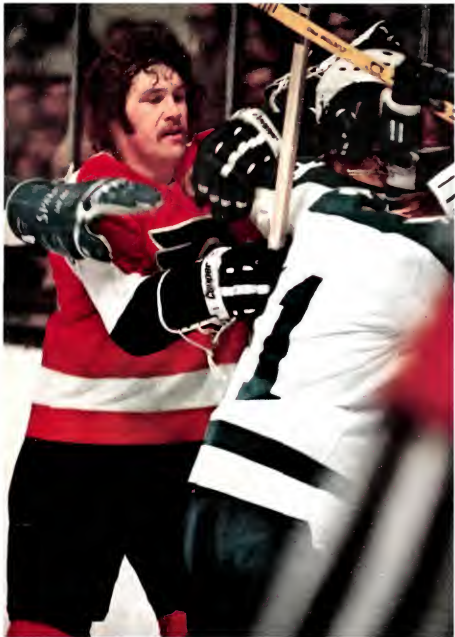
AND THE Hammer





Most things about the Flyers involve restraint. By failing to observe it, they get it—from the officials. Linesmen have to restrain Kelly (left) and Schultz (below) in mid-mayhem so often they should get hazardous-duty pay. Normally Flyer Coach Fred Shero is a model of restraint on the bench. That is the unrestrained Shero at the right. He has jumped up to stab a finger at Schultz. He is saying either (1) "Look at him, he's innocent, innocent," or (2) "Don't take stupid penalties. Schultz. Take somebody with you." The Hammer usually does.





'LEAVE MY GUYS ALONE'

Despite the menacing figures they cut on the ice, the Hound and the Hammer stubbornly insist they are misunderstood. "People think we're bloody animals, out there just to fight," says Dave Schultz (*left*), the pugna-cious ring-leader of Philadelphia's Broad Street Bullies. "Listen," says sparring partner Bob Kelly, "we're just two nice guys trying to do our jobs the best way we can." Uh-huh, and Bobby Clarke skates on double-runners. Says one NHL player, "Schultz and Kelly make the old big bad Bruins seem like a bunch of Little Lord Fauntleroy's."

The name of the game practiced so successfully by the Hound and the Hammer is intimidation, verbal and physical. Rarely do they scare anyone with their hockey talent, although Schultz responded to one of Chicago Coach Billy Reay's jabs: "If the Flyers had to depend on Schwartz for goals, they'd never win a game"—by scoring hat tricks on the first two Thursdays of 1974. "Maybe now Reay'll get my name right," Schultz crowed. "But what he said probably is true. I know I wouldn't be in here in Philadelphia if I didn't play rough hockey."

Without Schultz and Kelly to soften up the opposition, the Flyers certainly would not be leading Reay's Black Hawks in the race for the NHL's West Division championship. In the first five years of their existence the Flyers tried to play fast, clean, Montreal-style hockey, but after the first creditable season they declined to mediocrity. They were clean, perhaps, but not very fast or very talented. Then one night in the middle of the 1971-72 season the big bad Bruins routed the Flyers in the Spectrum—a violent whipping that evidently sickened Owner Ed Snider to the point of telling General Manager Keith Allen and Coach Fred Shero that it had better not happen again, or else Shero, always tough-minded during his 13 years as a minor league coach, long had wanted to play a hitting game but the Flyers had lacked the necessary muscle. "Hockey is just a love affair when it doesn't have fighting," says Shero. "Fighting and talking

are part of the game. Show me a team you can talk to, and I'll show you a team you can beat."

Shero changed Philadelphia's image at the next training camp. He told Kelly, a nondescript left wing who had scored a paltry 14 goals in each of his first two seasons, to start hitting—or maybe there would not be a place for him on the roster. More importantly, he gave Schultz, a mean rookie who had spent 774 minutes in minor league penalty boxes the previous two years, a regular job at left wing on the Flyers' third line. By the end of the season Schultz had served 259 minutes in penalties, Kelly had served 238, and the Flyers as a team had set a record with a total of 1,756—which was 561 more than the next-worst offender. Not coincidentally, Philadelphia also produced the league's Most Valuable Player in Bobby Clarke, a 50-goal scorer in Rick MacLeish and a team that finished second and later extended Montreal through five tough games in the semifinals of the Stanley Cup playoffs.

Meaner and more talkative than ever, at midseason Schultz was well ahead of last year's penalty pace with 186 minutes in just 39 games, but Kelly had accumulated only 72 minutes, mostly because he plays only infrequently as a regular. As a team the Bullies have piled up 897 penalty minutes—282 minutes more than any other NHL team—and averaged 23 minutes per game in the penalty box. Penalties on both sides in a typical NHL game total only a shade more.

Philly is asking for it, you say. It is, but the Flyers are rarely damaged as a result of their transgressions. They have the league's best penalty-killing percentage, giving up a goal only once every nine times they are shorthanded, and they also lead the NHL in scoring while in that predicament. No wonder, then, that they have stayed ahead of Chicago. Indeed, they are the first expansion team with any real hope of winning the Stanley Cup.

Their style unquestionably attracts paying customers; so far this year the Flyers have sold out all their home appearances, at 17,007 a game, and have

contributed to attendance records in five other cities. Two weeks ago they lured Canada's largest crowd ever (19,040) to the Montreal Forum and battled the Canadiens merrily in a 2-1 defeat.

What Shero likes most about the Hound and the Hammer is that they rarely take "stupid" penalties. "Watch them," Shero says. "When they go to the box, they usually take a player from the other club with them." Excluding his nine 10-minute misconducts, Schultz has been penalized 96 minutes, 65 of which were spent with a rival player for company, while Kelly has taken another player with him about half the time. By their own calculations, Schultz had 19 fights last year and Kelly had 13, while this year Schultz already has had 10 and Kelly four. Schultz stands 6'11" and weighs 195 pounds, Kelly 5'11" and 195 pounds, and both concede that only one NHL player, 5'9", 170-pound Gary Howatt of the New York Islanders, has ever taken clean-cut decisions over them. "We've got to give Howatt credit," the Hammer says. "He's a smart fighter, but he takes cheap shots. He grabs you by the hair and then starts swinging, and we can't grab his hair because he wears a helmet. But we'll be around, don't worry."

Besides fighting, Schultz likes to chat with rival players. Sample Schultz chat, to former Canadian Marc Tardif: "Don't be a hero, buster. Leave my guys alone or you'll get it." To Dennis O'Brien, the tough defenseman of the Minnesota North Stars: "Hey, dummy, when you're on the ice your team is two men short."

Schultz freely admits that he and Kelly are marked men. "When a fight breaks out or there is even the slightest flare-up," he says, "the linesmen go right at us. I guess they figure if they can get us away from the action everything will be settled." While Schultz accepts his role as a tough guy, he craves the recognition John Ferguson earned when he was one of the most valuable Canadians. "Ferguson," he says, "was a tough guy and a complete player. Maybe that's what I'll become too."

—MARK MULVOY



♦ Why is this Japanese chap wearing such a distinctly un-Nipponese costume and performing in the *Ice Capades* as one of its star skaters? Very interesting. It seems that **Sashi Kuchiki** is a former baseball catcher—a good one who was a rising light in the Japanese major league in the '30s. But one day a base runner crashed into him at home plate and fractured his shoulder, permanently injuring his throwing arm. Kuchiki was despondent for months, until a friend took him to an exhibition by Dick Button, the Olympic skater. The young Japanese fell for skating, hard. Admittedly, there were a few problems: he had never been on skates in his life, he could not afford lessons and there were very few ice rinks in Japan. But he obtained movies of Button and taught himself to skate just by studying the films. By 1958 he was Japan's national skating champion, and is now in his 11th year as a star of the *Ice Capades* where he sometimes skates with torches.

TCU's All-Southwest Conference Defensive Tackle **Charlie Davis**, who carried 19 classroom hours last fall, plans to take life

easier now until he gets his degree. This semester he will be taking electives in Gourmet Cooking and First Aid. Explains Davis, "If you hurt yourself in the kitchen, you gotta know how to doctor it."

You might feel glibly believing it, but it's true. Mrs. **Stephen Calder**, wife of the president of Calder Race Course, was in a sand trap on a Miami golf course when a sea gull picked up her ball and dropped it on the apron of the green. While Mrs. Calder was still gawking, a second sea gull lifted the ball and, on one bounce, placed it close to the hole. "I was eating an apple, so after I putted out, I gave the gulls the core," Mrs. Calder said smugly. "The poor things were hungry." Sounds like pretty speedy recompense.

★ Vice-President **Gerald Ford** was finally presented with a high school varsity football letter. Back when Ford was an all-city player in Grand Rapids, his alma mater—South High School—did not give letters. In fact, it does not now, because it has become a junior high school. But the local people took note of Jerry's recent job change and had a special award made. Amazing what a guy has to do to get his letter.

"It's been nice," says **Ellen Feldmann**, the first woman declared eligible for varsity competition in the Atlantic Coast Conference. But there doesn't seem to be any glint of success in her relations with male members of the Virginia swimming team, and maybe even a shortage. Miss Feldmann complained that the athletic department wasn't willing to pay to put her up in a hotel room—the boys stay in athletic dorms. Therefore, she did not make the trip to Clemson and Wake Forest recently. "It was not a question of whether I'd

win. I knew I'd win," she says. "Clemson and Wake Forest are horrible teams." Feldmann is also angry because teammates waved towels to encourage a male Virginia swimmer to stay ahead of her in one race. "We're the hardest workers on the squad," she says of herself and Susan Allen, a new recruit. "In practice, I know all I have to do is get it out the last 100 or 400 yards and the boys will give up. I just laugh."

Steamtrain Maury Graham, prince of the bobos, had sporting advice for Richard Nixon. If the President really wanted to save energy on his frequent trips to San Clemente and Key Biscayne, said Graham, he should travel by freight train. And in case there was any uncertainty on the rules of the game, Steamtrain graciously added, "I'm willing to go along and show him the ropes." But now he has withdrawn the offer. Upon sober reflection, Steamtrain decided that it would be undignified for the President of the United States to hop freights. He said the suggestion was a bum trip.

Most entertainment enterprises get some bad checks, but when

Philadelphia's Spectrum was receiving a lot of rubber all autographed by the same guy, President Lou Schenfeld ordered an investigation. The chap plastering them with bad paper turned out to be someone called **Alonso**, last name withheld. We shall refer to him here as **Alonso Bouncepasser**. Bouncepasser was not a criminal, only a lonely deaf-mute who enjoyed the crowds and excitement at games but was too poor to pay for tickets. The Spectrum decided not to press charges. Instead, it invited Bouncepasser to be its guest, free, at certain events that were not sellouts.

"I never went to ball games or played baseball," says **Vincent Gardenia**, the actor who portrays the tough manager in *Base the Drum Slowly*. Gardenia further admits, "In the picture, when they told me to go to third base I had to ask where it was." Despite that, he is being mentioned for an Oscar as Best Supporting Actor, a dizzying pinnacle for a man who attained fame as Archie Bunker's Italian neighbor—and no doubt wonders what Mrs. Robinson and Joe DiMaggio have in common.

At the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore, where Ping-Pong was the only athletic outlet for years, the boys have organized a basketball team called the Peabody Pacers. Starting Forwards **Spencer Schuyler** and **Bernie Gorgini** are piano majors, and Center **Bob Marlin** studies musical composition. Schuyler, the captain and manager, is sometimes the only one who shows up for practice, what with daily classes and six hours of music practice. "I'm a basketball freak," he says, and moodily practices his shooting alone. Schuyler *has* to keep his percentage up. If he doesn't, someone is sure to yell, "Don't shoot, piano player!"



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Wahoo for Patriettims!

Diminutive John F. Kennedy College of Wahoo, Neb. may not be long for this world, but its immensely talented Patriettes are world-beaters

John F. Kennedy College, not a big name even among small colleges, was playing Team Canada and fighting to stay alive in the first round of its own tournament. With 1:11 to go, a slick Canadian guard intercepted a pass and set up a teammate, who popped the ball in from 15 feet out and Canada led 54-53. Twenty-four seconds later Canada's center was charged with a fifth personal and left the game, reddened from exertion and anger. A sloppy inbound pass almost handed the ball back to Canada, but JFK's Simpson dashed across the key to save it and passed off to Wischmeier under the basket. Seemingly trapped, she hurled the ball back to Simpson who, with 18 seconds left, fired in a long shot JFK hung on to win 55-54 and the next night took the final.

As college basketball tournaments go these days, it was typical, except for the fact this was the first International Invitational Women's basketball tournament—Mexico and the Republic of (non-Red) China were the other teams.

John F. Kennedy College is a half mile from the heart of downtown Wahoo, Neb. (pop. 3,840), and because of two fires the school is even less prepossessing than it was at its founding in 1965. There were 13 buildings then, mostly clapboard, and fewer than 200 students. Enrollment ballooned to 700, but the library and another building burned down in 1970, and JFK has never really risen from the ashes. Even though the new library and cafeteria are hastily constructed metal affairs that look like airplane hangars, they were expensive to build. The faculty went unpaid for months, and with the school's solvency in doubt students transferred in droves. There are 280 this year and a faculty of 20.

JFK has never been accredited. Indeed, its one claim to distinction is its women's basketball team, which in a way

it can credit to its close proximity to Iowa. No state in the U.S. turns out more good women players than Iowa. Of the 12 JFK Patriettes, eight are Iowans. Since 1970, when JFK decided to use women's basketball to help build a reputation, the Patriettes have won the National AAU championship twice and last summer represented the U.S. on a tour of the People's Republic of (Red) China (St. July 2, 1973).

Unlike the Patriettes, the JFK student body is coed and hails from 27 states. The students are not the pick of the academic crop, but they are an enthusiastic group, full of uplifting sentiments on the pleasures of attending a small, and therefore intimate, school. Although a full liberal-arts curriculum is available, more than 50% of the students major in physical education, including all the girls on the basketball team.

One of the best Patriettes is Barb Wischmeier, a 6'2" All-America from Mediapolis, Iowa, and the only player on a full athletic scholarship. Wischmeier intends to teach physical education when she graduates and hopes to coach in Iowa. "I never saw a lady head coach when I was in high school," she says, "but there are more now." Among them is her sister, a 1972 JFK graduate who teaches and coaches in Council Bluffs.

"Iowa girls still play the old half-court game," Barb says. "Perhaps that makes us fundamentally more sound. We're taught basics: shooting for forwards, defense for guards, and in high school I played two years at each position."

JFK is not a one-woman show, however, as are so many college teams. It has two other All-Americans, 5'7" Julie Simpson and 6'2" Linda White, and two more candidates this year, Gail Ahrensoltz and Janie Fincher, who was a junior college All-America last season at Murray State.

The Patriettes' coach, George Nicodemus, recruits with a vigor usually associated with top men's teams. He had coached only two women's teams before coming to JFK in 1970, a 14-0 junior-high team in 1949 and the *Look* magazine AAU squad in 1969. In between he coached boys throughout Iowa, which accounts for his familiarity with those fertile grounds. "I go out to the cow pastures to get these girls," he says. "I don't mind manure on my shoes."

For all of Nicodemus' efforts, the team seems to be structured more by chance than by design. He had never heard of Julie Simpson when she arrived from New Jersey. But after watching a practice she approached Nicodemus and said, somewhat facetiously, "I'd like to learn this game." She learned well enough to start her first year and was named MVP in the international tournament. Linda White played in Victoria, Texas, a state that probably ranks second to Iowa in girls' basketball. She spent half a year at Wayland Baptist, another top women's basketball school, flunked out and went to Phoenix where she played on an AAU team. Eager to return to school, she came to Kennedy, where at 24 she is the team's senior citizen.

Until this year, the Association of Intercollegiate Athletics Women barred schools that competed for its titles from giving athletic grants. Now that the rule has been changed, Wayland plans to challenge two-time AAUW champion Immaculata of Pennsylvania. JFK still will be *non grata* since it is unaccredited.

Which explains in part why JFK staged the international tournament earlier this month. But what explains the presence in nearby Omaha of Team Canada, the National Women's Selection of Mexico and the Republic of China All-Stars is, first of all, JFK, and second, the chance for all four squads to polish their skills—the 1976 Olympics in Montreal will be the first to include women's basketball.

The opening game at the Omaha Civic Auditorium, in which Mexico beat China 53-49, showed that both those teams could use a lot of polishing. Averaging only 5'7", the Mexicans played a hell-of-a-sweater game against the well-schooled Chinese, who dribbled and passed with finesse but failed to move the ball inside for high-percentage shots and did not sink enough of their outside efforts. This shortcoming enabled the taller Ca-



JFK'S SIMPSON WAS TOURNAMENT MVP

nadians to beat them in their next game.

The Chinese and Mexican delegations were equally strong in contrasts off the court. The Chinese kept their players confined to the hotel until the games were completed. They watched the unfamiliar, enticing snowfall from behind plate-glass windows, so no one would catch cold in the below-zero weather. Only after losing to Team Canada were they allowed out, being escorted to a shopping center where they all bought dangle earrings.

The Mexican women enjoyed their first snowfall to the fullest. They rushed out of the arena after their first game and did their best to have a snowball fight. No one caught cold. In fact, Mexico's play improved in the hard-fought finale.

Kennedy won 68-50, despite a poor first half. Behind 31-25, the Patricettes rallied in the second half, running up a 20-3 edge during one eight-minute stretch. JFK's balanced attack was led by Wischmeier and Fischer with 15 points. Ahenholtz had 12 and Simpson 9.

The Canadians, of course, were unimpressed with Nebraska's weather, having just come from training camp in Winnipeg. They are older than the Americans, ranging from 18 to 26, and equally tall and talented. With different pairings, Team Canada probably would have come in second.

As host country for the 1976 Olympics, Canada is assured of being one of six teams to compete in women's basketball. "We're guaranteed of being sixth best in the world," says Jack Donohue, who coached the women on this trip. Donohue, who coached at Holy Cross and before that at New York City's Power Memorial High School during the Alcindor years, was hired to coach Canada's men's team in anticipation of the Olympics.

"I'd never coached women before," he says. "I got this team together and told them, 'I don't know much about women. I had a mother and I knew her pretty well. I was in love 48 times before I was 15. I have a wife and four daughters, but I don't know anything about women your age. I know basketball players, so I'll consider this as basketball, comma, women, not women's basketball.'"

The road to the five remaining spots in the Olympics is rough. Three teams will qualify from the 1975 World Championships and two more from a pre-Olympic tournament. As for the U.S., it must first devise a method for selecting a national team. If this is not decided soon, most of the current crop of college players will be out of organized competition. In which case it will be back to the cow pastures for Coach Nicodemus. But he will be there anyway trying to bring credit to JFK.

THE WEEK

by JOE MARSHALL

MIDWEST While Notre Dame and UCLA were doing their thing at South Bend, sixth-ranked Marquette was biding its time with some carefully planned lean talk among some fan scheduling. The Warriors beat Butler 73-54, and Coach Al McGuire sounded like a losing coach. "The second half was a completely undisciplined solo extravaganza," he said. "The only thing I liked about it was the horn at the end of the game. I don't know how we can possibly stop the drought that's coming without a complete turnaround. Our ball handling was atrocious and our offense was Ducky. I honestly don't know how we can be 13-1." The Warriors were 14-1 after downing another patsy, Fordham, 90-74, but with Long Beach State, Loyola and Notre Dame directly ahead, McGuire said with even longer face, "The party's over now."

Purdue and Michigan, until Monday the two undefeated teams in Big 10 play, both scored conference wins. The Boilermakers fast-broke their way past Northwestern 89-76 in a game that saw the two top scorers from both teams foul out. Michigan needed a 17-foot jumper from ex-football Tight End C. J. Kupec at the buzzer to nip Michigan State 84-82. Indiana and Wisconsin, with one conference loss each, continued to threaten the leaders. The Hoosiers scored the last six points to beat Northwestern 72-67 and scrambled back from a 48-42 deficit to edge Iowa 55-51. Indiana Coach Bobby Knight has now started 12 players one or more times while looking for the right combination. Wisconsin toyed with Illinois 101-75.

Kansas took over the lead in the Big Eight when it squeezed past Iowa State 73-69 and Oklahoma State 68-66. The Jayhawks virtually duplicated Notre Dame's shocking finish against UCLA when they scored the final 10 points of the Oklahoma State game in the last 1:56. A 25-foot jumper by a substitute, Tommy Smith, heretofore noted principally for his lackadastrical attitude, floated into the basket after the buzzer to decide the contest. Oklahoma, which clobered Colorado 91-66 early in the week, fell out of a share of the lead when it lost to Nebraska 63-58.

Louisville handed Memphis State its third straight loss, 94-81, giving the Tigers their longest losing streak since Gene Bartow became coach three seasons ago. Louisville outscored Memphis State 22-7 at the free-throw line, where Cardinal Coach Denny Crum caused some of the action by drawing two straight technicals for questioning the officiating. "That was a lousy call," said Crum. "Look, even the player's laughing." First technical. "Look," insisted Crum, "the player's still laughing." Second technical.

Cincinnati was upset 99-82 by Ball State (on a rare five-game win streak) before rallying to beat Fairleigh-Dickinson 96-70. Ball State Coach Jim Holstein called his team's upset victory "the biggest win ever, personally and for the school." Oral Roberts put itself into enviable position for a postseason playoff berth with three wins, including a 70-68 thriller at Virginia Tech in which Eddie Woods tipped in his own free throw in the final nine seconds for the winning margin.

1. NOTRE DAME (10-0) 2. MARQUETTE (14-1)

EAST Seventh-ranked Providence had its hands full and then some with lightly regarded but undefeated Massachusetts. With 2½ minutes to play, U Mass led 70-62. The Friars resorted to a full-court press and scored seven straight points and then took a one-point lead, only to fall behind again 76-73 with but 34 seconds remaining. In addition, Friar star Mar-

continued

vin Barnes had fouled out. But somebody was watching over Providence. Massachusetts still led 76-75 when Rick Pittino blew a free throw, and with six seconds left, Kevin Stacom, who had been shooting poorly all night, hit an 18-foot jumper for a 77-76 Providence win. After that a 67-62 win over St. Joseph's which had lost earlier in the week to Penn 55-53, seemed a breather.

Syracuse held high-flying Larry Fogle to 24 points, 14 under his nation-leading average, and stopped Canisius 87-74. The Orangemen also beat Temple 70-61 to up their record to 10-3. Fogle, meanwhile, had another below-par night with 26 points against St. Bonaventure, but this time teammate Charley Jordan picked up the slack as the Golden Griffins won 69-64.

Boston University, the team in the field least likely to succeed, took the fourth annual Beanpot Tournament with a 95-94 overtime win against Boston College. The game was tied 83-83 with 2:20 left in regulation, but neither team was able to score again. Sophomore Neil Burns finally ended it with a jump shot from deep in the corner with only three seconds remaining in overtime.

"We don't have a starting five, we have a starting eight. And we have 10 or 11 players

who can do the job," said Coach Buzz Rild of surprising Pittsburgh, which has won 14 straight since an opening loss to West Virginia. Still, the team's mainstay is 6'6" forward Bill (Moony) Knight who scored 12 of his game-high 22 points at the beginning of the second half as the Panthers posted a 34-10 margin on their way to a 96-56 rout of George Washington. Buffalo also fell before the relentless Panthers, 101-75.

1. PROVIDENCE (19-3) 2. PITTSBURGH (14-1)

WEST

"What a difference a week makes," said Jerry Turkman whose Nevada-Las Vegas Rebels won twice at home to even their West Coast Athletic Conference record at 2-2. "Last week I was ready to blow my brains out." The Rebels sputtered onto the winning track, needing three overtimes and the nine points freshman Eddie Owens scored in them to beat Santa Clara 81-79, but kept on running and casually knocked off two-time defending WCAC champion University of San Francisco 83-69. Still ahead of the Rebels are 4-0 Seattle, which scored weekend wins over both Pepperdine and Loyola, and 3-1 USF, which had beaten Nevada-Reno earlier, 92-73.

Texas made a similar turnaround. Going into the start of Southwest Conference play last week the Longhorns were 1-11 and retreating. Then Coach Leon Black gave his charges a little pep talk. The result: a 104-53 rout of TCU, the Longhorns' widest victory margin in 46 years. Texas found victory infectious and went on to beat SMU 87-82.

Colorado State remained at the top of the Western Athletic Conference with a 57-46 win over Wyoming. The Cowboys led at intermission, but the Rams used a brutal man-to-man pressing defense in the final 20 minutes to hold Wyoming to seven second-half baskets. Texas-El Paso buried New Mexico 78-71 when the Miners' defense, ranked second nationally, held the Lobos to 23 points under their season's average. While connecting on only 31.5% of its shots in losing its third straight road game, New Mexico still led by 10 points near the end of the first half, but UTEP tied the score by intermission and opened the second half with a 9-2 barrage that determined the final margin. Miner Coach Don Haskins was ejected for the third time this season for picking up three technicals.

Utah State avenged an earlier loss to Utah with an 84-79 win in Logan. Utah's Mike

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Soytner and Chas. Menatti, who had combined for 52 points and 19 rebounds in the teams' first meeting, were held to a total of eight points and eight rebounds. The Aggies also whipped Brigham Young 93-86.

The University of Hawaii, which left the islands two weeks ago with an 11-0 record, was dunked two out of three times on the West Coast and returns home to Honolulu 13-3. Oregon State, with an 11-2 spurt in the closing 2½ minutes of the first half, downed the Rainbows 86-62. Then, after narrowly escaping Portland 57-52, Hawaii fell to Washington, loser of four straight Pacific Eight games, 80-70.

1. UCLA (12-1) 2. LONG BEACH ST. (12-1)

SOUTH "The greatest effort I've ever seen in 17 years of coaching," is what Duke Brown, coach of LSU, called the play of his five starters against Mississippi State. Unfortunately, those five starters were also Brown's only five players; he had suspended seven others for breaking curfew. It seems that in a motel in Starkville, Miss. they found each other's conversation so stimulating that their discussion continued 90 minutes after bed-

time. Fouls eventually reduced the five mutes to four on the floor, and LSU, which had upset both Kentucky and Vanderbilt, fell before the Bulldogs 89-75, the team's second loss in Southeastern Conference play. Kentucky also lost for a second time, to two-time loser Tennessee 67-54, before handing Mississippi its second loss, 93-64. Ole Miss, which started the week undefeated in the conference, lost earlier to Alabama 88-71. The Tide then slipped by LSU and the re-instated Starkville Seven 80-79 in overtime, winning on a free throw after almost blowing the game in the final minute of regulation time on three missed one-and-one tries. That tied Alabama at 4-1 with Vanderbilt, which dispatched Georgia 91-71 and Auburn 96-51.

Furman held its Southern Conference lead, beating second-place Citadel 50-42. The score was 16-all at the half as Citadel stalled, but the Bulldogs' poor shooting finally did them in. Earlier in the week Furman downed Manhattan 94-76 as 6'9" junior Clyde Mayes scored 29 points and gathered in 21 rebounds. But the Paladins were no match for Jacksonville, which got 29 points from Leon Benbow, survived a second-half case of the blahs and won 73-68.

Maryland had the easiest week of the ACC's triumvirate, breezing past Fordham 112-73 and Navy 72-50. North Carolina State enjoyed leads of 13-0, 20-2 and 28-4 on its way to routing Virginia 90-70 and also polished off North Carolina-Charlotte 104-72 for the next easiest week. Only North Carolina had trouble. After downing Wake Forest 95-78, the Tar Heels barely survived Duke 73-71 when Bobby Jones stole an inbounds pass and scored on a layup in the final four seconds.

South Carolina lost at Davidson 70-59, but returned on Saturday to its sacred Carolina Coliseum and beat Pennsylvania 67-57 to extend its home winning streak to 31 games. Gamecock sophomore Center Bob Mathias described it this way: "I don't want anybody coming in and taking anything away from my home, and the rest of the players feel the same way."

Merger had its win streak snapped at 11 when Tennessee-Chattanooga whipped the Macon team 111-88, but Centenary upped its record to 12-0 with wins over Northwestern Louisiana 90-77, Houston 91-83 and Lamar 63-65.

1. N.C. ST. (16-1) 2. MARYLAND (11-2)



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FRAU MOSER-PROELL HAS A HUSBAND AND A DEFEAT ON SO—BUT SHE STILL RULES

Once again the slopes of World Cup ski racing are alive with new princelings and pretenders, yet the wait for a king goes on. There are some promising young men on the powerful teams of Italy and Austria who might ascend the throne, but each covertly step upward is filled with maybes. And there are some surprising teen-age ladies-in-waiting from Switzerland, West Germany and (ack!) Liechtenstein. Yet as this racing season slides rapidly toward the International Ski Federation world championships in St. Moritz next week there is but one true monarch in sight—Queen Annemarie of Austria.

There is more than enough evidence that this fierce and arrogant mountain queen rules supreme. She still lights up a defiant cigarette at the finish line after most races, still treats her competition with a disdain suitable for stray dogs, still plays the imperious and outrageous prima donna for befuddled officials of the Austrian team—as last fall when she threatened to quit and race for San Marino in 1974 unless she was allowed to change her brand of skis. Yes, the aggressive, intolerant, petulant, magnifi-

cent Annemarie Proell is still with us to dominate World Cup skiing as no one has since Jean-Claude Killy departed six long years ago. And she is only 20.

But as the tests of St. Moritz approach there are those who think they detect a softening, an intimation of more mortality in La Proell. For one thing she is a newlywed, sporting a white-gold wedding ring and the monicker of a ski saleswoman-soccer star tacked on to her own. (She is Annemarie Moser-Proell now.) For another, she has been heard to admit in public that she does not always ski a perfect race. For still another, she actually lost a downhill race this season. Yes, after 11 consecutive victories in her specialty (giving her a career total of 30 World Cup wins, compared with Killy's runner-up figure of 18) Frau Moser-Proell was beaten two weeks ago at Grindelwald by a comely blonde American, Cindy Nelson, 18, of Lutsen, Minn. Whether this was truly a hint of vulnerability is problematical, for with the season a bit more than half over, Annemarie has a long lead toward her fourth straight overall World Cup title.

But that is not the same thing as win-

ning gold medals in a world championship. Amazingly, Annemarie has never earned such a medal. In the FIS competition of 1970 at Val Gardena she was third in the downhill, and in the 1972 Olympics in Sapporo she shockingly finished second to Switzerland's Marie-Theres Nadig in both the downhill and the giant slalom. Even so, no one is betting against Annemarie. She is the odds-on favorite to win the downhill and to finish high enough in the giant slalom and slalom to take the gold medal for best combined score in the three events.

Should the queen topple, Nadig could repeat her Sapporo surprise; the Swiss have been training toward a one-week peak for this bash in their home country rather than striving for season-long consistency. Or the rising Nelson, sking at her best this year after suffering a dislocated hip in 1972, could conceivably produce a gold for the U.S. in the downhill—something no American has ever done.

The only other U.S. woman with a measurable chance of winning a medal at St. Moritz is Barbara Ann Cochran, 22, the slalom champion in Sapporo.

—continued

Barbara has finished well in her last races after a typically slow start. But as so often is the case, the American team has been rocked by trauma within its coaching ranks. This year Barbara's father, Mickey Cochran, left the head coaching job after the season was barely one month along. A victim of personal disenchantment and U.S. Ski Association politics, he escaped home to Vermont in early January. He was replaced by Henry Tauber, a perennial trouble-shooter.

Barbara Cochran's chances in the slalom are not improved by the new princesses from abroad. First, there is the pretty 16-year-old West German maid, Christa Zechmeister. Child though she is, Fraulein Zechmeister has won more races this season than anyone on the circuit except Moser-Proell. In a fine show of consistency, Christa flashed to first place in three straight slaloms. Another fresh young thing on the mountain is 19-year-old Hanny Wenzel. Her father is the director of mountain avalanche control at the gentle, gingerbread principality of Liechtenstein, a country so small that Hanny is its ski team and must train with the Swiss.

The French have a rising star, too, and they certainly need one. Early this season their once-magnificent dynasty was smashed to smithereens. After 18 months of squabbling among ski-federation officials and racers, the new manager of the French team, Jean Vuarnet, fired its best skiers for wheeling and dealing too extravagantly with equipment manufacturers. When the predictable storm of complaint arose, M. Vuarnet was adamant, crying,

"Let the dogs bark. Henceforth the equipment makers will no longer dictate the law. If money is to be everything in sport, we may as well go home. Winning medals at any price does not interest us." At one point Killy offered to step in and coach the fired skiers so they might be ready for St. Moritz if the federation changed its mind, but he was unceremoniously turned down.

Out of the rubble of France's former finest, one slim figure has risen to give the team its best finishes of the season so far. She is Fran-

çoise Serrat, and she could win place or show in either the slalom or giant slalom at St. Moritz.

The men's year has been dominated by the Austrians and Italians, but the three-time World Cup winner, Italy's tactician Gustav Thoni, 22, has not been displaying his usual silky-smooth slalom form. Indeed, he has not yet won a race. Besides an abominably slow season's start, Thoni has been handicapped by a new scoring system that further complicates the labyrinthine format for choosing World Cup winners. In certain meets a competitor now is awarded a doubled point total if he scores in both the downhill and slalom. This richly rewards a multi-talented skier and penalizes specialists like slalomist Thoni. Had this scoring system been in effect last season, Austria's David Zwilling would have won the World Cup, not Gustav.

Thoni should do well at St. Moritz, but he may not be the best even in the slalom events. His countryman Piero Gros, 19, is considered a virtuoso. He already has three victories and three other finishes in the top 10 in races this season, and he could win both slalom golds.

The best non-Italian slalom racer appears to be a veteran German, Christian Neureuther. America's Bobby Cochran, an uneven performer, is capable of an any-given-day victory, but so are a dozen other skiers. Who can ever forget that Spangard, old what's his number, who took the gold in Supporo? (Francisco Fernandez Ochoa, in case you had.) The one not to forget here could be Hans Hinterseer of Austria, a strong racer

who has a win, second and third so far.

But plainly the most exciting skier of the year so far is Austria's lithe 19-year-old downhiller, Franz Klammer. He is possibly the best of the young skiers who are developing the kind of triple-event excellence that was once the specialty of such superheroes as Killy and Karl Schranz. A hard-muscled farm boy from the village of Mooswald in Austrian Carinthia, near the Yugoslav border, Klammer electrified ski racing in early December when he bolted down a precipitous course of holed-plate ice in Schladming at the astounding average speed of 111.22 kilometers an hour (nearly 70 mph). It was an all-time record for a downhill race. Afterward Klammer forthrightly told an interviewer, "I don't think anything beyond that can be demanded of a downhill racer. It was the limit of what can be done." The Swiss downhiller Bernhard Russi, twice world champion, might have agreed. Russi said, "I don't know how he was able to ski faster than I did. I myself was sking well beyond my limits."

Klammer is among the hot favorites in the downhill at St. Moritz and should have a good shot at the combined, since he is a workmanlike slalomist, but he will get tough competition in the downhill from Roland Collombin of Switzerland, who has moved him out in three recent races, the latest coming last weekend in the classic Swiss Lauberhorn, and a 19-year-old Italian, Herbert Plank, as well as from Russi. By winning the Lauberhorn, Collombin clinched the World Cup downhill title, a prize Klammer had

boldly hoped to seize himself. "At St. Moritz anyone can win," Klammer had said early in the season. "It's risky to bet everything on it. I'm fighting for victory in the World Cup." Now the stakes at St. Moritz are higher than Klammer had bargained for, with its downhill his greatest single opportunity for sustaining his climb toward stardom. In any case, there is no shortage of bright young princes of racing. Perhaps when they have finished competing at St. Moritz, one will be worthy to reign with the queen. **END**



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Palmy Future for a Balmy Resort

Palmas del Mar opened last week and will keep on unfolding for 10 years. Situated on the southeast coast of Puerto Rico, the resort is planned as a harmonious refuge from the turmoil and tacky of the 20th century. Indeed, harmony is the byword: its villas and condominiums, 40 tennis courts, three golf courses and 800-slip deep-water marina will blend deftly into the terrain. According to its architect, there is something at Palmas to suit every fancy. For swimsuits plain and fancy, this season's combine the glitter and glamour of the '40s with the spareness of the '70s, as may be appreciated on the following pages.

—JULE CAMPBELL

Sitting pretty in six inches of ocean, Cheryl Tiegs gets maximum exposure in a minimal bikini made up of bands and triangles. It is designed by Betsey Johnson for Alley Cat (\$20).





Libby Otis (left) bellies fetchingly up to the poolside bar in a laticed swing chair. Her ribbon-banded bikini is made of stretch nylon (\$24). Carol Lebmer gets out of the swim of things in a pyramid-striped bikini (\$26). Both suits are by Gottex of Israel




The pool and deck at the Sun Fun Hut enclave, which includes a pizzeria and dance floor, are decorated with fanciful tiles. The mosaics are the work of Florin Pirvulescu and Olga Porumbaru.

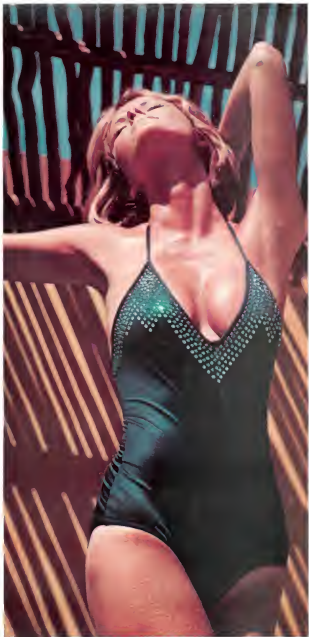



Ann Simonton's see-almost-through tank suit (left) by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo (\$90) features the new high-styled leg and weighs 2.5 ounces. (On the cover, Ann glitters at Candelero in a Mylar-threaded knit bikini by Monika for Elon—\$22.)





Cheryl wears Sant' Angelo's swimsuit (\$129) to shine in by day and to dance in by night—with a matching skirt. Inland, riders follow a trail through an old coconut plantation; offshore, a thatched hut on an islet is reached by wading through the shallows.





In the swing in a string hammock, Cheryl cools off in Betsey Johnson's pared-down tank suit (\$16). "My version leaves more room for a tan," says Betsey, "and it's as swimmable

as the old-fashioned kind." Made of a cotton blend for quick drying, it comes with a cap (\$4) in which to tuck away wet hair. The Palmas reception center (right) is a blend of new and old world motifs.





No Shadows on the Beach

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Life is a continuing effort to overcome loneliness. To do it, you must first have the opportunity, then, second, the permission. A resort should be a place where you are given the opportunity and, hopefully, you will get the permission.

—Esteban Padilla, architect,
Palmas del Mar, Nov. 8, 1973

Nothing at Palmas will be an architectural monument. Palmas is a place for human beings. People will coast. Buildings will be there for the enjoyment of the people. I will consider it a failure if people go away remembering buildings.

—Esteban Padilla, a little
later in the day

Palmas is not a resort. Palmas is a state of mind

—Esteban Padilla, later still,
after a Scotch-and-water before dinner

We had abandoned the car at dusk, its front wheels in the jaws of a slash in the dirt road that had not been there the day before. If it had, Padilla (left) would have known. If a bucket of sand were removed from the beach, I was told, Esteban—Sieve, the Americans of Palmas call him—would know. He bent to look at his invalid machine, for which he has respect without love, and, in unimpaired benediction, declared it a perfect evening for a walk.

We were at a remote tip on the southern end of Palmas. Situated on the southeast coast of Puerto Rico, Palmas del Mar, or Sea Palms, is being built by the same folks who brought you Sea Pines Plantation on Hilton Head Island, S.C. When finished 10 years hence, it will be one of the largest resorts in the world, with 20,000 bedrooms in its inn, villas, town houses and private homes.

Padilla and I were near an overlook where the granite pushes up a huddle. Coulees and cliffs give it a sculptured quality, and at the base seawater springs from a blowhole. In the master plan, Padilla said, there would be a natural pool here, and people could swim in it with the tropical fish. An "amenity," he called it.

As he stood up, I remembered thinking how, for so slight a man, Esteban Padilla cast such a long shadow. More a comet's tail, one that others, including his employers, had grabbed hold of and now rode. (A modest man, Padilla objects to this image, just as he squirms at being reminded that he matriculated at Harvard at age 14.)

Once, years ago, he had come to what is now Palmas in an osacar to swim and picnic. When he became one of Puerto Rico's best-known architects and was determined to plant his dreams here, he had walked through the coconut groves at the north end and along the six miles of coastline to the first granite rise where, now, the Palmas Inn's saffron facing glowed in the last light. Scrambling over the rocks to the harbor, "the key to Palmas," he went back around and up the slope to where we now stood.

Against the deepening dusk we could still see Candelero Point, and due east the offshore island of Vieques, which Columbus sailed past in 1493 en route to the west coast of Puerto Rico. From our vantage point, even in that light, the Atlantic's graded depths were as clearly defined as the strips on a cartogram. These are the colors that lure game fishermen. This is nearly virgin water in that respect, relatively untapped, and it is possible—likely—that it teems with white and blue marlin, sailfish and blackfin tuna, if that is a man's pleasure. What excited me for future reference were reports of light-tackle possibilities: tarpon and snook in the canals and off the beaches; tarpon—Nile perch—in the small lakes and lagoons; snapper and grouper in the coves; permit and African pompano in the surf.

Seeing the stitches in the ocean off Candelero made the cuts on my hands and knees sting. A reef lurks there and the stitches mark where the surf surges over it. I had sailed a Sunfish off the beach that afternoon, launching it at a thatched-roof replenishment center called the Sun Fun Hut. (In its nomenclature Palmas strives to steer clear of stiff sounds like Beach Club. Sometimes it steers too far. The lounge at the inn will be called The Happy Jungle. Giddiness, evidently, will prevail. A Palmas man who had heard the name Sun Fun Hut once too often at sales meetings said that after a while it began to sound like a Chinese quarterback calling signals.)

The Sunfish capsize and I taked my hands and knees on the reef trying to right it. "One thing about being shipwrecked," I told Padilla. "It cleared my head cold."

"Pioneers should be more careful," he said. "You are a pioneer here, you know. It is good, nevertheless, to try things. My father is 94 years old and he is always trying things. Recently he has grown a beard. His grandchildren think of him as a kind of swinging Santa Claus. 'Why do you grow a beard?' I ask. 'Everybody's doing it,' he says. Actually, he is my stepfather."

continued

Padilla led me to the opposite edge of the cliff, to a point where the view was more extensive. One day soon, low-silhouette town houses will rise here. Padilla himself has a prime lot. He glided ahead of me in his crepe-soled shoes. In dress he is a confirmed utilitarian; I have yet to see him in anything but an open shirt, and he says he rarely wears ties. In fact, he campaigns against the spread of neckwear. At 50 he is a reconfirmed bachelor, having tried marriage once. His father, he said, had married "three or four times. It would be a mistake, I suppose, for me to draw the line."

Palmas, with its wondrous contours and configurations, was fast disappearing, but its facade, in black and white, was in Padilla's hands. The resort comprises 2,750 acres in length, roughly four miles, at its widest point, 2.3 miles. Of its six miles of sea front, 3.5 are beaches. Palmas will have four distinct focal points, or villages, each containing its own commercial and recreational facilities and architectural personality.

Cala de Palmas, the harbor village, not yet completed, is the most ambitious. It will offer a series of plazas connected by waterways to a small-boat harbor and to a larger harbor for the biggest ocean-going yachts. Sidewalk cafes, discothèques, boutiques, an outdoor theater and a fisherman's restaurant are in the works, and over the shops condominium apartments. Some town houses will have private boat slips along the quayside and on two islands within the harbor. Plans call for 1,200 villas and 800 slips.

Monte Sol, the tennis village, curls around a hill on which most of its 500 villas are being built. The Palmas Racquet Club will feature an amphitheater seating 2,500 for tournaments, a pro shop, lockers, a health club, a pool, a children's play area, a tennis library, a European restaurant, specialty shops and, at least part of the year, pros Charles Pasarell, Stan Smith, Marty Riessen, Arthur Ashe, Bob Lutz, Dennis Ralston and Donald Dell.

The Candelero Beach Village is to be a more subdued residential area, bordered on the west by the first of Palmas' three 18-hole golf courses. Its 1,800 villas will mostly face the beaches of Candelero or the fairways. The Buena Vista Hill Village is marked for later development on the hilly northern border of the property. Its 800 units are to be surrounded by fairways. Beyond these four centers, in the outlying acreage, 2,200 single-family residential sites are being sold.

All of this—with the exception of the tennis pros and some of the amenities—Estelban Padilla had before us on his master plan. Spreading it out between us, he tried to couple for my education the reality with the replica, but his efforts were lost on me, partly because of the failing light and partly because of my failings as a map reader. A map is little more than an example of man's Euclidian attempt to pin down nature's beguiling variables. There is no map made that can recall the bright pungent stretch of beach at Candelero Point and the somber explosions of its waters. The sunbath on my neck did that better than the "Master Plan, Palmas del Mar," in Padilla's hands. I had planned to stay on the beach for an experimental hour or so, but I lingered there as though drugged. I think the uniqueness of it was this: that here, in the middle of this clanging organism of a resort in the making, I did not feel the weight of the resort.

There were no shadows on me. That was the thing. There were no buildings tall enough to cast them.

"And there won't be," Padilla said. "We will shoot to kill anyone who tries to violate the building code. The sea-grape trees are a natural barrier, and they stay. Nothing built at Palmas will dominate the landscape or spoil it."

"I have to tell you, Steve," I said, "I hate resort areas." At best, I went on, they are a compromise, at worst an abomination. Miami Beach is the worst. Waikiki is nearly as bad. Freeport is ghastly. I have a long, picturesque list of the inhumane practices of resort personnel in Las Vegas. I have seen places on the Riviera that look like gopher holes, with the trash ringed around.

In Tahiti, I told him, I had experienced the ultimate disillusionment: a traffic jam at one o'clock in the morning in the center of Papeete. Every resort trumpets that it is the finest of all, but mostly they express themselves in volumes of tacky-tacky and artificial stimulants. In nearly all cases the natural beauty is sucked out of them by development.

"I have seen you—Puerto Rico's El Conquistador. It is lavish. It has flashy shops and \$7.50 lunch buffets and a cable car to the beach, and out front there is always a jam of cars. I didn't like it."

"At Palmas, we will not have that," Padilla said. "Every area is controlled, and each will have to live up to the highest standards."

The lot buyers and vacationers, he said, would be equally protected from undesirable land use. A gas station will not rise in a residential area; neon will not flash on Candelero Point. But more than that, deed restrictions and protective covenants demand low-silhouette, homogeneous buildings and the maintenance of "permanent open spaces."

The beaches of Puerto Rico are public domain, so developers cannot divide them up and seal them off as they did along Collins Avenue. Where Palmas will shine, Padilla said, was in the guaranteeing of views, and in the maintenance of natural beauties such as the 60-acre tropical forest on the northeast side of the property. Palmas does not build homes, he said, but it is selective on what constitutes a responsible builder. The restrictions do not seem to have hurt sales (Marketing began in September 1972; by September of '73, 166 villas were under contract, 100 under binder, and there were 473 property owners, mostly from Puerto Rico and the Eastern Seaboard of the U.S.)

"We do not think of this as a 'development,'" he went on. "We are trying to get away from words like 'development' and into words like 'experiences.' A sequence of experiences. The secret with the automobile is to control the traffic outside, so that pedestrians can mingle unimpeded inside."

He found a place on the map with his index finger, a distant parking area that he said would hold 1,200 cars. "Here," he said, pointing to Cala de Palmas, the harbor village. "No cars allowed. Here [the villa area around the inn]. No cars. For these you will have to walk or, to travel around, an electric cart will be available. Or a bicycle."

He looked back at his own stricken vehicle.

"The automobile, of course, is the villain. I wish that we could leave all the roads natural, but this is a large area and there have to be accesses and movement and, as you can

see, the weather can be rough on dirt roads. We will have to spread some tarmac around. But we are committed to the terrain. A minimum of earth movement. A slope remains a slope. Roads wind. Trees stay."

He was being proud, and accurate. Evidence of enlightened development had been easy to find at Palmas, even in the rickety welter of construction. No building was over three stories. Even in the special areas, such as the tennis village, which will have clusters of hillside villas and 40 courts, the density will be strictly controlled. The first 70 units of the tennis village have already been sold—one, two-, three-bedroom condominiums, with 25 distinct floor plans, priced from \$38,500 to \$118,000. Some of the units have separate rentable bedrooms for \$40.

Tennis World magazine, with foregoth greater than I could muster, has already called Monte Sol "the greatest place to play tennis in the world." Nine of the courts—four clay, five all-weather—are in operation. The amphitheater was being carved out of the hillside and will be finished in plenty of time for the CBS Tennis Classic scheduled to be held there next January. The hillside villas will be open for rental in 1975. The courts and pro shop will make up the largest tennis facility in the Caribbean.

The Palmas Inn reception building has only two stories and is therefore no threat to the landscape. From the sea it appears to have been there a very long time. Its beauty is in its subtleties. Its lobby, though splendidly appointed, is alfresco. The trade winds stream through, burly enough to restyle the most heavily sprayed hairdo. The lobby has a 30-

foot ceiling, is decked out with hanging plants and flowers and its rear opens onto that long view down Candelero. Not only is Vieques perched there on the right, but the mountains of El Yunque, a rain forest, are 45 minutes away by car, the only real tourist attraction nearby.

Reservations are now being accepted for the inn and its villas. The inn has 23 luxury suites, each drawing light from three sides, and all having views of the beach. A man will be able to rise to the sound of bells from the inn's 60-foot tower and the smell of hot croissants and coffee from the pass-through at each door. (Rooms start at \$80 a day in season, \$55 a day off-season, European plan; the villas begin at \$60 for one bedroom, \$75 for two and \$90 for three. Getting to Palmas takes 18 minutes and costs \$16 by Palmas Air, the company-owned line, which flies regularly enough from San Juan. The alternative is an hour's drive from the San Juan airport by car or limousine—\$58.)

The main restaurant is linked by breezeway to the inn. Its windows offer the same view, and slide to offer the same breeze. In the building a giant tiki-dibi tree bends into the terrace. It cost Sea Pines thousands of dollars to build around the tree. The road to the beach at Candelero passes between coconut palms and is so narrow that only one car can get through at a time. The Sea Pines Company inserts a penalty clause in construction contracts—up to \$1,000 for every tree removed without authority. The clause has so far been exercised only once at Palmas. "It had a profound effect," says Padilla.

The light had gone, and we began to retrace our steps to

continued



1 1/2 inches equal one mile

PALMAS DEL MAR Continued

the main road leading to the villas. The night would be starless, dark clouds plump with rain were sliding in from the sea, which sighed at our backs.

"I like to think that when we are done Palmas will be the great throwaway," Padilla said in the dark. "I like to think that when it is finished we will be proud of it for about three days, and then we will be able to be unselfish about it, to act as if we had nothing to do with it, as if it were there all along. At this point we are feeling very paternal. At some time soon we must let it go, like you would a child that has come to adulthood, let it go to generate from within."

Far down the road we came upon a sudden, massive silhouette—a large, limby mango tree. The road split and curled around either side of its trunk.

"It is easier to split a tree," Padilla said, "but it is better to split a road."

The coming together of Charles Fraser and Esteban Padilla, if not a heavenly transaction, was at the very least, providential. Stars crossing. The dreamer with a pet dream, the iconoclast with a portfolio of dreams come true. Charles Fraser, the founder of Sea Pines, is a known force, and a powerful and ingenious one. First impressions are deceiving. A youthful 44, he has the smooth face and slack, somewhat pudgy figure you would recognize immediately as belonging to the fellow who does your income tax for \$15. There is, however, no law that says one must look like a youthful Johnny Weissmuller to swing with nature or to wage war on man's peculiar lust for fouling it.

Fraser's abilities as a gut fighter in land development are well cataloged. From a dime's worth of credit and the 4,000 acres of Hilton Head Island he bought from his soldier-lumberman father in 1957, he turned Sea Pines (the company) into a \$135 million shrine, mainly on the premise that enlightened resortmaking is not only a building and selling matter but a management matter as well—management complete with good taste and built-in covenants to thwart the march of gaucherie. There are no shadows on the beach at Sea Pines, either, and the houses, golf courses and yacht basins blend into the landscape.

Fraser himself is no sportsman. His principal concession to outdoorsiness is a Sunday sail on his 44-foot ketch, invitations to which are said to be golden. In the matter of pure athletics, he would rank as a fair-to-good spectator. The values are not lost on him, however. Jack Nicklaus and Pete Dye designed his fine golf course at Hilton Head where the Heritage is played, and Gary Player's firm did the first one at Palmas. Stan Smith is the touring tennis pro at Sea Pines and, as mentioned, Charles Passarelli *et al.* will play out of Palmas. They have condominiums there.

Fraser's true passion, the one that lights his eyes, is business. Surrounded by legions of MBAs from Harvard and Wharton, Fraser's force has increased tenfold since 1968 and is at work on 10 different projects, including a national parklike center in the North Carolina mountains, a sports "garden" of facilities near Atlanta and a resort of comparable scope to Palmas at Amelia Island off Jacksonville. Fraser does not say that Palmas del Mar is the pendant, for that would injure feelings. He concedes, however, that it represents the biggest expenditure—ultimately, \$750 million, much of which will come from outside investors. And

he would also admit that Palmas, though usually out of his sight, is never out of his mind.

Sitting recently in the living room of his home at Sea Pines, Fraser assembled for the record the Palmas evolution. He spoke in clear, well-modulated tones, measured and perfectly punctuated, as if it had all been said before and edited. He had his feet on a mahogany coffee table, upon which a copy of *Olympia*, *Golf*, *Arms* and *Athletics* was heavily settled. He wore a sports jacket that contrasted with his accessories. He was wearing a tie.

"My learning process, the Adult Education of Charles Fraser, is a continuing one," he said. "In fact, it has speeded up with age. I read upward of 50 or 60 magazines a week. I have exhausted the Yale Library [he is '53, law school]. I travel extensively, looking for ideas."

"I have concluded that good resort areas, recreation areas, are products of hundreds of people's ideas. But good ideas do not spring from research. The selection process is often a singular thing, and that is really the role I play."

"I don't have a rigid mind on over detail. I do have a rigid mind on the purpose of a resort. I am an advocate of the mixture of man and nature. I get angry at people who would destroy one or exclude the other. The idea that 'this is a beautiful place, let's not let anybody else come here,' is repulsive to me. I have made enemies in the Sierra Club."

"I am a great advocate of national parks, and we will have one, but I am not for the expansion of wilderness. There are areas you can do nothing with, like Manhattan Island. Or places you cannot get to do anything with, like the Okefenokee Swamp. Those cannot be changed."

"Much of what we have done has been new. My function is to provide the leadership for these things, for the economic, esthetic and philosophical detail. But, the best way to achieve those things is to have a champion in a given area. Nothing happens without a champion."

"When we bought Palmas del Mar, Steve Padilla was part of the package. He knew every rock, every cove. He had an understanding of the culture that was invaluable. He since has taught a whole generation of Sea Pines executives what Puerto Rico is all about. Palmas del Mar would have looked good and would have been appropriate without him, but Steve added an aura of distinction to the design, the philosophy. It will look better, and be better because of him."

In the spring of 1969 Fraser began to search for a way to utilize the Sea Pines force year round, to balance out a 12-month corporate activity. Sea Pines, essentially, is a summer resort. He wanted something for the winter, but something more encompassing than, say, a ski resort. He and the executive vice-president for Sea Pines, Jim Light, scoured the Caribbean in search of a property. They were unimpressed with what was available or discouraged by the prices. The search was lifted bodily and moved to Hawaii where, on a rainy April day, the two men sat in the Honolulu offices of C. Brewer and Company, a landholding and sugar-producing firm. A picture on the office wall—palms, a beach, a granite rise—attracted Fraser's eye.

"Is that for sale?"

"Yes."

"Why haven't we seen it? Can we see it today?"

"No. It's in Puerto Rico."

In Puerto Rico with Esteban Padilla.

To get to that point required a considerably less direct metamorphosis for Steve Padilla. Born of well-to-do parents in Arecibo, on the northwest coast; Harvard, 1938-40; Duke, B.S. '41, Padilla had medical school in mind. Instead, he went to war, or at least into the U.S. Army, which tried to make him an electrical engineer. "I got only to DC," I never got the AC," he says.

As a signal corpsman, he recognized his limitations and those of his associate soldiers. "I think, really, I should have paid the U.S. Government for my service time," he says. "I kept arriving in combat zones immediately after the last shot was fired." He also arrived, at the end of the war, on the Riviera, and for three months studied at the Cannes branch of the University of Aix-en-Provence. To beat the prices, he shed his uniform and swam to Eden Roc, where he came ashore to mix with the elite. "I was very sophisticated. I spilled ashes on a lady by the pool. She was very understanding. The lady was a Whitney. She invited me to lunch."

Padilla received his degree in architecture from Nebraska in 1949. "On the East Coast, I had met many Midwesterners who I thought were exceptional people," he says. "I wanted to find out why. I think I found out why they left the Midwest." Turned forever from med school, he studied further at the Sorbonne and at the Universities of Florence and Grenoble. When he returned to Puerto Rico he served in urban renewal projects and later became a special assistant to Luis Muñoz Marín, Puerto Rico's first popularly elected governor. Muñoz' Operation Bootstrap had lifted the Puerto Rican economy out of the ruck. Next he was sent to Europe by the Economic Development Administration to attract investors. He had accumulated eight years on the Mediterranean when he returned in 1964, and the sights of San Juan brought tears to his eyes.

"The Condado area had become Coney Island. It was extraordinary. Solid walls of hotels and tawdry streets. It was obvious that a new pattern of development had to be found." When a project he was working on collapsed, Padilla was hired by Brewer to come up with a plan for the development of the Palmas area. He was now back to his childhood playground, with new purpose.

Steve Padilla's first master plan was approved by the Puerto Rican government, but not followed up on by Brewer because Brewer was pinched and in a selling mood. Fraser thought: "And there I was, with all my ideas, when Charles Fraser came along," says Padilla. "I was hiding in the sea-grape trees, yelling, 'I got a master plan!'"

"I didn't have to sell Fraser anything. It was just a fortuitous meeting of two people with the same thought. Fraser came down with some of his Sea Pines executives. We toured the property. He was supposed to return home the next afternoon and I was to take Jim Light to Dorado. When I called that morning, Jim said, 'There's been a slight change. Charles wants you to have breakfast with him.' Breakfast became lunch. I was there all day. A day of questioning by Charles Fraser can be overwhelming. I have never met a man who gets so quickly to the point. History. Construction. Economics. Weather. He wanted it all."

It is perhaps the mark of Fraser's success that, for all his ability to impose his will on others, he did not hesitate to

sublimate his tastes to those of Padilla. (Sublimate in the philosophical sense; Fraser runs the show financially.) The logic was clear: Padilla knew the ins and outs of Puerto Rican bureaucracy. He also presented a building theme that would be compatible with the Latin taste.

In turn, Padilla had no trouble working within the framework of the Sea Pines influence, with its high standards of ecology and design. It helped Padilla to know, too, that Fraser was not dogmatic on the issue of what is or is not "natural." The Mediterranean motif called for greater use of colors "in order to get more gregariousness." Fraser went along. More important, he expressed the desire to "relate to the country. To the country's economy. And to make something that Puerto Ricans, as well as Americans, would enjoy." And invest in.

Then Padilla went back to the Mediterranean to gather examples on film to show Fraser. "I took pictures of every major seacoast town and hillside resort. I took hundreds of pictures of everything I liked. I had them developed. They were an abomination. First, because it rained the whole time. Second, because I am a lousy photographer. But Charles is an extraordinary man. He could see through my photography."

In the summer of 1971, with Steve Padilla as their guide, the Frasers and the Lights took in the objects of Padilla's affections firsthand. They began in Lisbon and worked east, acting like tourists for a month. On the first night, at the Ritz Hotel in Lisbon, Fraser wore a tie. After that, he did not.

Steve Padilla has what Charles Fraser calls his "pesa speech." It is actually the choreography of his dream, which (he makes no bones about it) is the disillusion of all the good that he found in those eight years of examining Mediterranean hill villages and seaside resorts. An instant Riviera, without dregs. When he begins, which is whenever two or three are gathered, his audience instinctively leans forward. Mike Ainslie, executive vice-president for Palmas, says you can practically feel the surge of spaghetti sauce.

"This will be the heart of all of Palmas," Padilla said one night as we sat with our coffee in a villa below the inn, the master plan laid out beneath the saucers. He had brought a spoon from the dinner table; the operational end of it was on the area marked Cala de Palmas.

"It will be an operating harbor, capable of providing sustenance for 800 boats, and a center of water sports. Everything is on schedule. Eons ago it was a kind of bay that silted up gradually. Some idle tongues have held there were mangroves in there, but like the existence of the phoenix, that has never been proved. What it was was a dying swamp that had lost its ecological value. And, of course, during Prohibition it was also a haven for whiskey smugglers."

He bent to his map and carried us, by spoon, into the inner harbor. "This will be the center of gregariousness at Palmas," he said. "And, of course, the home of certain hard-drinking boating types. People who want extreme privacy can get it by putting in with their boats at one of the island moorings in the inner harbor, or they can go other places"—the spoon dragged us back to the low-density condominiums and the beach, golf and tennis villages—"but you must come here at night to see the wicked on

continued

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PALMAS DEL MAR

display. At seven o'clock every night it will be your moral obligation to be out in the plaza to see who has arrived and who is trying to, uh, meet whom.

"What we want to create is a setting for people to act out their greatest fantasies. We are providing the opportunity and the elements and the amenities to do it." He smiled, showing his teeth. "This may or may not be dangerous."

I leaned forward in my chair.

"It will not be important to worry about some rotten tomatoes and lettuce leaves lying around. This is how Palmas will differ from other projects. We are counting on the rotten tomatoes. I may have to throw some around myself."

"The joy of human commerce," I said.

"What?"

"Something I read once. How do you categorize amenities?"

"Amenities are not separate things. They are an interplay of things. Buildings. Spaces. People. They are inseparable. They may include the lady in red—a red bikini—walking across the plaza. She becomes part of an interplay that generates an excitement of its own. An overall thing. Like—here, come with me."

We went outside into the darkened alleyways between the villas.

"What we want basically is a series of visual delights," he said as we picked our way along, "a vocabulary of sights and sounds. Things that will encourage people to walk. Changes in the texture of the pavement. A different quality of light caused by a trellis overhead with a vine. An unexpected trickle of water. The plazas will be carefully oriented to the long view. You might start here in this alley and suddenly come upon a plaza, an explosion of sound and color seducing you into walking further. Here the hard edges will be cut by a green wall or an archway. Here a waterfall that can be natural because of the changing elevations or," he smiled again, "made to seem that way by a strategically placed pump. We will have six entrances to this plaza, like the one on Capri. When you are in it, you must walk between the tables. If you are at a table you will be turning your head to see the people."

"Even if you are so shy you can't pump. You will be able to experience your fantasies vicariously. You will also get the opportunity and the permission to break through that barrier of loneliness, to be a part."

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for today and
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He Woke up in the Morgue

The crowd was silent. Binoculars that seconds before had been trained on thoroughbreds pounding down the backstretch at Bay Meadows were now focused on a terrible accident at the first turn. Two doctors, moments earlier spectators in the stands, knelt helplessly over the body of a jockey spread-eagled and pinned under his dying horse: the animal's spine had been broken and it was now literally a dead weight. The doctors, precious seconds passing, could see only the rider's boots, and they feared that if he were not already dead, he would certainly suffocate soon.

At last, two jockeys, uninjured in the crash took matters into their own hands, and if the circumstances had not been tragic their efforts would have seemed almost comical. It looked like a slapstick routine, the two small men trying to tug a horse off the body of their friend. Finally, a third began pushing at the horse's rump, and the combined effort worked. The trapped jockey was freed.

The off-duty doctors, who had no medical equipment available, quickly felt for signs of life and found none. Moments later the official racetrack physician arrived. He, too, searched for vital signs. He took his stethoscope from his bag and listened. There was no heartbeat. He could find no pulse. He consulted with the other two doctors, who nodded. The jockey was dead.

The 20,000 spectators stirred in shock as the body was wrapped in a white sheet. Then the loudspeaker announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, we regret to tell you that as a result of the accident jockey Ralph Neves is dead. Will you please stand in silent prayer."

The men in the stands removed their hats. Women wept. Many bent to one knee in prayer. Jockeys walked aimlessly in twos and threes. The ambulance drove off bearing the body of Ralph Neves.

That was on May 8, 1936. In December 1973, Ralph Neves—far from dead—whispered "Jesus," as the lights went on and a motion-picture projector was shut off. "All the stories about what happened were wrong. I've been telling the wrong story for years," he said. "I always thought I was in front. Why, I was nowhere near the lead!"

The scene was the Talk o' the Town restaurant, close to Santa Anita racetrack in Arcadia, Calif. The restaurant has made Neves a wealthy man, but as he watched the eerie, slow-motion fro-

zen-frame films of his accident, financial security was not uppermost in his mind. He had just relived the seconds that had preceded his "death" and now, 37 years later, had finally found out what really happened.

Neves today is a tranquil 57-year-old man who still maintains his riding weight and looks not too unlike the jockey who retired 10 years ago as the fifth-leading American rider, with 3,771 victories to his credit. The story of his "resurrection" is one of the most bizarre in American sport.

The day of the accident Neves was in a four-way fight with Johnny Longden, Jackie Westrope and Johnny Adams for the leading jockey title at the Bay Meadows track in San Mateo, Calif. The end of the meeting was still two days off, and Neves was after the \$500 bonus that was to go to the leading rider. In the third race Neves was aboard the well-regarded Fannikins. According to one published account, here is what happened:

"Fannikins broke third, quickly moved up and was first into the backstretch turn. Suddenly he tripped, went down. Neves, hurled straight forward into the rail, bounded off and was ground into the dirt by not one, but four horses running directly behind . . ."

Neves has been telling this version since. It was only after a scratched, badly lighted print from the official patrol-judge footage had been turned into slow-motion, frozen-frame images that made it a modern-day instant replay that Neves was able to see what had really happened. The film shows that Fannikins broke well, but as the field moved into the first turn Neves was fifth, behind four horses stretched from the rail almost to the middle of the track. The outside horse of the three front runners broke a leg and stumbled into the horse next to him. Then, in a falling-domino sequence, the other two lead horses were hit and all four went down.

Jockeys were flying through the air as Neves, a few lengths behind, tried to pull outside to avoid the melee. The sudden move by Neves caused Fannikins to balk and Neves went flying forward several

yards ahead of the pileup. He was stunned, lying face down and in the dirt. Fannikins' momentum carried him forward, also. He rolled twice and came to rest directly atop Neves.

The whole sequence took three seconds—72 frames of stop-action slow-motion film. Looking at it, Neves shouted, "My horse didn't trip! I never hit the rail! And no horses went over me! I was thrown clear and that damned horse rolled right on top of me!"

His first half of Neves' story may have been new to him, but it is the dull part. And about the rest he is not confused. After the doctors pronounced him dead Neves was taken to nearby Mills Memorial Hospital, where he was placed on a slab in the "cold" room while death certification papers were filled out preparatory to his being sent to the morgue. About half an hour had elapsed since he had been pronounced dead, and he was stretched out in total darkness when, as he recalls all too vividly, "I leaped up and I couldn't see anything. I began feeling my way around the room, then I started screaming. No one heard me. Finally I found the door and ran. When I got to the street, I hailed a cab and told the driver to take me to the racetrack. He must have thought I was crazy, standing there in my hoots and a sheet."

When Neves and his sheet got to the track there were still several thousand fans milling around discussing the tragedy. I nervously, Neves began to run, and several people started chasing him. Finally a couple of jockeys caught him and took him to the track's first-aid station, where he was examined again. This time the doctors could find nothing wrong, except for some bruises and a slight case of shock.

The next day Neves was back at work. The headline of a yellowed *San Francisco Chronicle* clipping that is framed on the wall of the Talk o' the Town reads:

RALPH NEVES—
DIED BUT LIVES
TO RIDE AND WIN

Win? Neves finished as the top rider of the Bay Meadows meet after all, richer by \$500, a watch—and his skin.

—BUD GREENSPAN

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week's fun, 14-20

PRO BASKETBALL—ABA. The Red Sox on the wing in San Antonio and there in the tieing two high Will-iams (Mervyn) Averett will go. He scored 22 points in three games, as the third place Spurs won their second and fourth game after a defeat in the West. Averett, who led the NBA's scoring in the year when he was a player at Pepperdine, led for his pro high of 39 points (twice) in the final quarter in a 141-107 win over San Diego. Then, in a narrow 100-98 loss to Kentucky, he scored the last seven San Antonio points to keep the G-men's scuffed 2 failure in the week. San Antonio held Omaha in its lowest point total of the season in a 98-81 victory, but the Stars will round the West and Boston by five games. Utah squashed by Memphis 89-67, vs.-washed Indiana 121-95 and damped Carolina 115-102. Virginia then sought the Stars, taking and beat them for the second time in a week 120-102. Sacramento's early All-Star George Karlo, led the attack with 23 points. Kentucky held fast in the East. San Francisco posted seven straight wins by virtue of a seven-point victory over San Antonio in which All-Star Dan Issel, Alex Cabellero and Louie Danberry combined for 79 points. The Bulls' five-game win streak ended with a dismal 111-105 home loss to undefeated Carolina. Carolina then lost to Denver 120-118 and had coach Abdul-Jabbar when Chicago Coach Larry Brown was fired a reported \$1,300 for showing a referee.

NBA. The NBA played its off-center attack in a week shortened by the All-Star break, having Chicago Coach Dick Motta with a \$2,000 fine and a one-game suspension for his behavior in an altercation with officials after a 100-100 tie with Seattle. But 4 Motta in the first round in league history to be suspended. Denver scored the winning shot of Chicago, Ernest Ruffin. By forcing the Bulls' 111-95. Power Rod Lamber, the MVP of the West's 111-122 All-Star triumph, scored 32 points as Denver posted its widest margin of Chicago in the Midwest. But nobody is getting on Minnesota, which opened up a six-point lead in this division. Boston won and increased its lead in the Atlantic to eight games over New York. In the Central, first place Capital lost another game to the Hawks, 111-101, as they were in the Pacific, as Jerry West, making his home debut, led the Lakers, 111, beat KC-Oakland 118-113 with a 15-point point shot in the fourth.

GOATING.—Miami's SAMMY JAMES, driving a 38-1000 Buick Wildcat, was fined, with the 200-mile Jacksonville Club. San Francisco's powerboat club (Miami-Tennesson) was fined.

BOWLING.—JIM STEINHAUER defeated Alex Seymour of Kampopoli, N.C., 223-201 to take the \$100,000 Showboat Invitational in Las Vegas.

GOLF.—JOHNNY MILLER became the only man ever to win the season's first three PGA tournaments with a victory in the \$150,000 Deane Morris-Turner Dunes. Miller fired a long-range 68 for a 272 total, dominating rookie Ben Crenshaw by three strokes (four-putts).

HOCKEY.—NHL Philadelphia added substance to its Stanley Cup dream by winning three straight games behind the championship, goaltending of Bernie Parent. The West's All-Star selection in goal, Parent represented his eighth straight win in a 1-0 victory over Atlanta. allowed two goals as Philadelphia routed Buffalo 7-2 and finished the week by blanking Los Angeles 2-0. Philadelphia led Chicago in the West by a comfortable seven points. St. Louis and Atlanta continued their battle, with the latter taking the lead in the West by a 3-2 victory. The Flyers dropped two of three, which means St. Louis is off the Atlanta by a point. In the East, the New York Rangers finally lost one under Finkel 3-2, 3-2 to St. Louis but not before the inspirational Cal Hulse had the team into third place with two wins and a tie. Frank's also seemed to get a one from Roger Stone. Vikings five goals in the four games. The New York's new rail second-place Montreal by only four points. Boston continued its upward lead on the pack by blanking the Canadiens 8-0 and in Montreal at that. Boston's lead, Canadiens, Goals: Michel, Parise with 4, St. Louis, and Phil Esposito had his 40th goal in 41 games.

WHA. Montreal's Gordie Howe became the only man in history to score 100 career goals, reaching that milestone in the Aeros 7-3 win over Vancouver. Howe also was named team MVP, who tallied his 20th and 21st goals of the year. A Vancouver Phoenix win streak came to an end when Los Angeles grounded the Aeros 3-2. Los Angeles' boys' and Edmonton and Winnipeg by four points in the

West. Los Angeles climbed out of the West circle with three wins as Winnipeg Marc Turfist captured the Stanley's event with eight goals and three assists in four games. New England opened up a six-point lead in the East, powered by some hot shooting from the line of Tom Williams. At Rensselaer, New York, the French. The Frats of Chicago's Ralph Backman (five goals, two assists) and Pat Stapleton (two goals, five assists) began to make their play. In the NHL, Black Hawks as the WHA (Chicago) moved to sixth two points of fourth-place Quebec, thanks to 5-2 wins over New England and Quebec.

BASEBALL.—RICHARD COLIMON of Switzerland led his club through a World Cup double in the late-hour classic in Wengen, Switzerland. Colimon clinched the season's World Cup double with a win over the Swiss, 1-0, in a 1-0 victory. Swiss German CHRISTIAN NIELSEN (RUBIN) won the season's event with Bakken's Jostein Radu in second. In women's competition at Len, Sweden, Swede LINDA CHRISTINA ZACHMISTE (RUBIN) of West Germany won her third straight World Cup double. American Barbara Cochran and Cindy Nelson finished fourth and fifth respectively (four-5).

PROWRESTLING.—In the McDonald Cup classic in Berkeley, Calif., American HUGO SINDL won both the slam and main slams in a main event place in the Boston & Hedges Grand Pro standings. Naiti defeated Ryker Naiti in the slams and Slicko American Harold Warler in the giant slams.

TENNIS.—JILLIE REAN KING beat Ken Evert 6-3, 6-2 in the first round of the \$50,000 Volvo tennis event in San Francisco. King earned \$40,000 for her victory. More than 2,000 fans were turned away from the racket winners' closed.

TRACK & FIELD.—Gloria Hughes Turner DOWHIT STONES, outdistanced by TOM WOODS at the Meet of Champions in Pocatello, Idaho, rebounded the first night to set a new American indoor record of 7' 9 1/2" in the Stanford Invitational in Los Angeles. Stones, named by the Nevada Invitational as a 1972, a national athlete. Also in Los Angeles, MARY HILL, 44, struck in a world indoor record in the women's 1,000-yard run with a time of 2:28.1, eclipsing Gloria's record of 2:37.2 seconds. Meanwhile, the Cheyenne's Joyce Van Court Invitational meet in Richmond, Va., North Carolina's TONY WALDRUP led in the final indoor mile race (3:39.1) of the indoor season.

WRESTLING.—INDUCTED into the Baseball Hall of Fame, WHITLEY FORED 45, and MICKY MANTEL 42, longtime friends and New York Yankees teammates during the '50s and '60s, March became the seventh player ever to be voted into the Hall in his first year of eligibility. Ford earned entrance in his second year, while Mantel had 38 years' service having averaged of 294 and 536 home runs.

WRESTLING.—The 1972-73 season of the National League MVP award three times. Ford's wrestling, completed a 236-106 win-loss record for a 999 per cent win in his history. He is a member with more than 200 victories. His career FFA was 2-74.

MARRIED.—New York Knick BILL BRADLEY, 30 to Brooklyn's Sam P. D. of New York City, in a private ceremony at the Royal Poinciana Club in Palm Beach, Fla. She is an associate professor of comparative literature at Montclair (N.J.) State College.

NAMED.—An coach of the NHL Vancouver Canucks, PHIL MATHON 44, formerly coach of the Seattle Totems of the Western Hockey League.

SIGNED.—By the International Track Association, EARL McCULLOUGH, Daytona Lake road runner and former world-around holder in the 110-meter high hurdles, to compete on the pro track circuit and be an instructor of personnel.

SIGNED.—By the Baltimore Banner of the new World Tennis Tour, Roger KENNEDY, who plays the No. 1 U.S. ranking with Stan Smith. DIED WILLIAM V. SHAKESPEARE, 41, All American halfback for Notre Dame in the mid-'30s, has been confirmed as the man who threw the pass that beat previously undefeated Ohio State in the closing seconds of the famous 14-13 game in 1935, in Kinnick Stadium.

DIED.—LAWRENCE (BOBBY) ANDERSON, 71, a member of the Babe Ruthers' original Black "Knock Out" basketball team, which later became the Harlem Globetrotters, of the 1930s, died in Los Angeles. Anderson interred with the Globetrotters (born 1925) to 1942.

23. Tony, 1-4, 2, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DICK DECH, 35, of Nantuxet, Pa., rolled a lifetime-high 746 on games of 268-215-253 (his fourth career 700 series) to lead his five-man team in scoring in the Chubbey Del Alba Classic Bowling only once a week, Dech's average is in the low 190s.



DOUGLAS SHEARER, 37, of Port Chester, N.Y., won his fourth hole in a row since he began binging two years ago. Douglas, Westchester County 65-pound champion last year, extended his win streak with a three-odd de-ception over Roland Greco of Amherst.



STEVE AND DONNA HUGHES, of Rhyefville, Ark., became the state's first husband and wife combination to win Presidential Sports Awards. Steve, 25, a high school teacher, and Donna, 22, a housewife, got awards for both tennis and jogging. In addition, the Hugheses took part in the Y.M.C.A. Marathon Champions ships in which Steve received a citation in the Gold Division and Donna earned accolades in the Novice Division. Steve and Donna were awarded their honors prizes for playing 50 hours of tennis in a prescribed time period.



MARTHA PINEAU, a senior at Chofu High School in Japan, won her second consecutive tennis championship in three years by defeating Ruth Pickeloider 6-3, 5-7, 6-0. Chofu's homecoming queen, she won her first title as a sophomore and was runner-up in a junior.



DANNY MUELLER, a senior at Merchard High School in Eden, N.C., extended his wrestling record to 16-0 with his 11th win of the season. One of three captains for the Panthers, Mueller has won two tournaments in the 155- and 157-pound divisions this year.

CRUISES

23. Tony, 1-4, 2, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.



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Where the future is now



Basic is when a car goes a long way on a little gas.

One of the reasons the Model A was so good was that it gave generous gas mileage. No doubt economy has a lot to do with Pinto's popularity, too. And this year all those extra miles per gallon come with a number of improvements. They're all good reasons why the closer you look, the better we look.



A bigger engine than last year's. First and foremost is a little bigger 2000cc 4 cylinder overhead cam engine as standard. It's been developed for good gas mileage. And for those of you who want even a bit more pep, there's an optional 2300cc engine.

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FORD DIVISION



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PICKS AND POKES

Sirs:

I enjoyed your two articles previewing the Super Bowl (*Doing It by the Numbers* and *You Can't Program the Human Element*, Jan. 14) and must congratulate you on your fine picture portfolio. But for the second time in a row (last year it was Washington by 10) Tex Maule has chosen the wrong team. You would think that he would have learned by watching the Miami Dolphins that they are the superior team. I have nothing against his articles, but it seems only obvious that Miami is the best team to come along in a long, long while (the Dolphins are better than the Packers).

Fair Oaks, Calif

JILL VACA

Sirs:

The Miami Dolphins have now appeared in three consecutive Super Bowls. Tex Maule has predictably chosen their opposition all three times. When Dallas beat Miami in the Dolphins' first attempt, it only proved that a prejudiced sportswriter can occasionally get lucky. But after Miami's second convincing win in a row, Mr. Maule is bating only a lousy 33% in his futile attempt to discredit the Dolphins. Please inform Mr. Maule that should he ever contemplate retirement in Florida, he had better bring along a flak jacket, a large miner's helmet and a willingness to run.

Hialeah, Fla.

JOHN M. CHIRIM

Sirs:

I found Tex Maule's Super Bowl prediction of the Minnesota Vikings by four quints interesting. This was another in a long series of predictions based on the famous Tex Maule System, which seems to be founded on two unchanging principles: 1) pick the Dallas Cowboys; 2) when that is not possible, pick the team that beat the Cowboys. Particularly amusing was Tex' discouraging comment on Bud Goode's computer-based prediction of Miami by nine: "Computers are only as good as the information fed them—horse manure in, horse manure out." That is true, but allow me to point out that a similar dictum holds for Mr. Maule.

Pasadena, Calif

CARLTON M. CAYNE

Sirs:

Thank you for Tex (NFL over AFL) Maule. I always want to see his pick in the Super Bowl. I can pick the opposite team and clean up.

Taylorville, Ind.

JIM DUNN

BOWLED UNDER

Sirs:

Who is John Underwood (H&A) *Contentyr for Content*, Jan. 14? How many times did he see Penn State play football in 1973 to be able to say, "The only people who would argue that the unbeaten Nittany Lions are in a class with Notre Dame, Ohio State, Oklahoma or Alabama live in Pennsylvania?" As for Penn State's supposedly weak schedule, who else is 12 and 0? Look at the record of all of the opponents of the teams listed. Class! In four attempts Ohio State has never defeated Penn State. Until the NCAA establishes a major-college playoff to determine the national champion, no one will ever silence people like John Underwood—or people like me.

York, Pa.

H. ROBERT KNOX, M.D.

Sirs:

With the wave of a pen you have dismissed yet another Penn State bowl victory. Apparently the Nittany Lions can do nothing right, except win four of their last five bowl games. Meanwhile Bear Bryant of Alabama has gone 0-6-1 in his last seven bowl starts and Ara Parseghian is 2-2 in bowl competition.

When I saw the alleged national championship game (Alabama vs. Notre Dame), I was continually reminded that there were still players left on these two teams who in consecutive years lost 38-6 and 40-6 to Nebraska in the Orange Bowl. Yet John Underwood has the audacity to state that Penn State is not in the same league with either of them.

Poor Joe Paterno. He has the Brobdingnagian task of either going winless in his next seven bowl appearances or deliberately settling for a tie before he, too, can become a legend. Perhaps Paterno can also give his future Penn State teams ballet lessons, since being "lovely to look at" is evidently more important than winning in your *Alice in Wonderland* world.

New York City

TONY MERRILL

Sirs:

You must have something against us here in Nebraska. Your article on the New Year's bowl games was fine, but why neglect the Cotton Bowl? Mr. Underwood wrote all of 62 words about the Nebraska-Texas game.

The Cotton Bowl was exciting, to say the least. Even as a Cornhusker fanatic, I can say that Texas' goal-line stand was one of the best moments of the day, and you didn't even mention it. Nor did you mention Steve Rumb's second-half heroics, which won the game for the Cornhuskers.

Hordeville, Neb.

MYRA GUILLEID

Sirs:

It seems someone forgot to tell you that Oklahoma, Notre Dame and Alabama are not the only 1973 college powers that are going to be young and talented in 1974. The Rose Bowl not only showed everyone Ohio State's backfield of three sophomores and one freshman, but John Hicks and Randy Gradishar are the only major losses for the 1974 season.

As for trying to figure out what you mean when you say "the Irish appear a better team than Ohio State if only because they are more well-rounded. Oklahoma comes closer to Notre Dame's completeness"—well, we'll never know. But considering you picked Texas for No. 1 in your preseason scouting reports (Sept. 14), I begin to understand your logic.

Lewisburg, Pa.

ROY WENNING

PROTECTIVE MEASURES

Sirs:

The contrast depicted by your two line articles *The Man Who Loved Cat Adling* and *A Mountain with a Wolf on Its Shoulders* (Jan. 14) is both striking and disheartening. Glynn Riley is deserving of praise and admiration for his efforts to preserve and protect the red wolf, yet another of our precious endangered species. I can only hope that the Glynn Rileys of the world will not find that their efforts have been rendered fruitless by the type of inappropriate actions characterized by the case of C. J. Prock. That an individual guilty of such distasteful and distinctly inhumane acts should escape with a paltry fine is unthinkable. It now seems that the courts, which have done such a lackluster job of protecting the rights of the people, have performed likewise with respect to affording protection for these animals that we have pushed, in the name of progress, to the brink of extinction.

I trust that Judge J. Blaine Anderson will stand up and be counted when the last, lone jaguar passes from this earth, taking with it those genes that we failed to protect and for which nature does not afford a second chance.

Philadelphia

KEN R. GRAVETT

Sirs:

The Man Who Loved Cat Adling reflects the true frustration that many law officers and game rangers find in carrying out the duties of their job. Early last fall three game rangers in my district answered calls from concerned citizens about deer poaching in southeastern Oklahoma. After spending four nights on a stakeout, the rangers finally caught the game hog. Their efforts were

continued

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The Barn

A CALENDAR for 1974
Photographs by
DUDLEY WITNEY

19TH HOLE *continued*

"rewarded" when a judge handed out a verdict that amounted to \$5 court costs and a \$25 fine. In this instance, too, it is hard to say that justice was carried out to the full extent of the law.

LYNDOL FRY
Third District (Oklahoma)
Wildlife Commissioner

Oklahoma City

Sirs,

I am shocked and horrified at the fact that our judicial system would allow a man like Curtis Jackson Prock to go free with a minimum fine. In such a cut-and-dried criminal case it appears that there was an offense committed not only by Prock but also by Judge J. Blaine Anderson, who in effect sanctified this injustice by imposing such a frivolous penalty, even though he was aware that it was Prock's second offense of this type.

The snell of a "weel-old wolf carcass" extends not only to the men who would kill an endangered species, whatever the price, but to Judge Anderson, who would not do everything in his power to prevent such a thing from happening again. Wagers, traps, and irony indeed that Judge Anderson occupies a position in the federal judicial system equivalent to that of Judge John J. Sirica.

NORRIN GILMAN MULLIKEN
President
University of Virginia
Law Wines Ecology Group

Charlottesville, Va.

Sirs,

Give Robert F. Jones a prize for guts. None of the characters he wrote about had any. With a judge like Anderson, no wonder we have too much crime. Prock should have seen the business end of a New Mexico jail a long time ago.

JOHN E. PRATT

West Hartford, Conn.

Sirs,

As a defender of the Canadian and American wolf, I was very pleased to read your article about the red wolf. If we are to save the wolf we must have more articles such as this one to educate the people. I was upset to read one thing, though. Glynis Riley talks about killing all those coyotes. If that attitude persists, the coyote will disappear from the earth forever, too.

JANE MAHON

Lynwood, Wash.

RADIO-BOC REJECTED

Sirs,

I read with complete disgust your paragraph in *SEVEN CARD* (Dec. 24) suggesting the elimination of the goalkeeper from soccer. Such a change would require a major recon-

continued

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18TH HOLE continued

servation of the rules of the sport. Firstly, in order to prevent ridiculously high scores and the possibility of strong kickers scoring empty-net goals, the field would have to be lengthened substantially. Secondly, the off-sides rule would have to be changed in order to prevent too many breakaways, now handled by the goalkeeper. Thirdly, some sort of complex rule change would be necessary to compensate for the penalty kick. Also, in conjunction with lengthening of the field, greater substitution or shorter periods would be essential to enable a team to last the entire game.

Whoever made the suggestion has taken the typical American attitude toward sport: outscore your opponent. To suggest such a radical change in the world's most popular game appears to be simply an accommodation to an unknowing public. It would be better to educate the public through greater exposure. There can be nothing more fascinating to watch than a finely tuned group of middlemen, defensemen and a goalkeeper working to perfection the intricacies of a defensive strategy.

JEFFREY G. JONAS

Burlington, Vt.

Sirs:

As I am a goalie on a high school soccer team, my prejudice against the proposal to remove goalkeepers from the game is obvious. The proposal ignores several things. A goalie is not simply a backboard at which to shoot. A large part of his job is aiding his defense in setting up the play. Anyone who has seen a soccer game knows that a good goalie never stops talking to his teammates.

The comparison of soccer with basketball is totally unfair. Basketball needs no goalie, for the "goal" is only 18 inches wide and 10 feet high. The soccer goal, on the other hand, is eight yards wide and eight feet high. It is notable that hockey, lacrosse and water polo, all games with smaller goals, find a keeper necessary. Without a soccer goalie, we can look forward to an NCAA final in which St. Louis University, say, narrowly defeats Southern Illinois 35-34 in overtime.

HARRY KATZ

Lexington, Mass.

Sirs:

I don't think the idea is even worth discussing. How can anyone compare soccer with basketball? I just hope that soccer will become popular in the U.S. as it is, and give us as much enjoyment and thrill as it does millions of fans all over the world.

JOHN BONAFACIO

Fall River, Mass.

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